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CATALOGUE

OF

PAINTINGS,

BY ARTISTS OF THE

DUSSELDORF

ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

NEW YORK:
J. W. BELL, BOOK AND JOB PRINTER,
36 Ann Street, Corner of Nassau.

1857.

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HISTORICAL SKETCH

OF THE

DUSSELDORF SCHOOL OF ART.

To the connoisseur *au courant* with the progress of modern art, the origin and present condition of the Dusseldorf School of Painting are of course familiar; but, as it has sprung into existence and risen to celebrity within the last forty years, and as the rare collection of pictures to which this catalogue refers is the only exposition of its works ever opened in this country, it is presumed that the following brief outline of its history will be interesting to a majority of the visitors to the "DUSSELDORF GALLERY."

It is somewhat strange that Dusseldorf, the capital of the inconsiderable duchy of Berg, in the Rhenish provinces of Prussia,—a town of little note, dignified by no historical associations, situated on the monotonous flats of the Rhine, far below the region of its grandeur and enchantment, with nothing to boast in the way of palaces, churches, theaters, or ruins, the great staples of continental cities,—should, nevertheless, be the seat of a school of painting, perhaps the most conspicuous on the Continent, and which has aided in giving stability and strength to the most important movements in the history of modern art. It is true that a famous collection of pictures once adorned the walls of the electoral palace; but the palace was destroyed in 1794 by the French, and the pictures were removed to Munich. It was long after their removal that the school began to flourish and become prominent. It seems to have found some congenial influences which are hidden from common observation, and make up for the apparent deficiencies of the place. Perhaps the artists

who have congregated in so unromantic a locality have been urged to greater efforts after ideal beauty by the very presence of the natural barrenness which surrounds them.

Cornelius, to whom, we believe, belongs the honor of the foundation of the school of Dusseldorf, was a native of the town. Though little known in this country, his name stands at the head of the modern German painters, especially of those who, in immediate connection with him, broke through the conventional mannerisms by which the genius of artists was trammeled and the spirit of art degraded, and, in opposition to academies and professors, sought a freer field for the exercise of "the gift and faculty divine" of which they were the possessors. Of these men, Cornelius, Overbeck, and Schadow, were the most distinguished. They met at Rome, whither they had gone for a common purpose—that of seeking among the works of the greatest masters for the truest inspiration. They regarded themselves as the martyrs of the modern absurdities and insipidities which usurped the places and authority of art. Overbeck had, in fact, been expelled from the Academy of Vienna, for exercising that independence of thought which never fails to excite the horror of old "foundations." He had taken refuge from the academicians, amongst the grand memorials of the early painters of Italy. He found kindred spirits in his countrymen, banished like himself by the puerilities and pompous absurdities of the German schools, and like himself in quest of a purer standard of taste and a more congenial field of labor.

Under such circumstances, it was very natural that they should go from one extreme to the other; from the ultra-modern to the ultra-medieval; from the overloaded ornaments and artificial redundancies of painting which were nearest to them in point of time, to the simplicity and sincerity which were furthest off—even beyond the period of highest excellence, quite back to the infancy of the Revival of Art. Equally natural was it that they should have found in their new associations, controlling motives of life, higher than the standards of artistic taste. The old masters led them to the old faith. They exchanged the cold formalities of German Lutheranism for the more vivid ritual of that church over whose altars, and in whose aisles and sacristies and cloisters, they had studied the works of the masters of their

adoption, and found in their pure and simple creations not less the inspiration of genius than the fervor of unaffected faith. Cornelius was born a Roman Catholic. A large number of his fellow students in Rome, including Overbeck and Schadow, were converted to Romanism, and, as a matter of course, went far beyond him in devotion to their new faith. Their fanaticism, however—for with some it reached that point,—gave new ardor to the zeal with which they devoted themselves to their art.

A school of painters formed under such influences, and animated by such inducements, could not have failed of success. Their extravagance was not of a kind to interfere with their progress; for it was the extravagance of simplicity and adherence to the real forms of nature. It was the imitation of a former style, it is true; but that was better as a foundation than conformity to any modern standard.

The king of Bavaria, whose abdication and downfall ought to be lamented by all the painters and paint brushes in Christendom, visited Rome about 1820, during the residence there of these new enthusiasts of the old school. He adopted their notions of art, and, what was more to the purpose, adopted a great number of the artists themselves, and proved a constant and munificent patron of their labors. To him, more than to any other man, Germany is indebted for the success of modern art. Munich is full of the pictures of Cornelius and his disciples, painted under the auspices and directions of Louis of Bavaria.

But to come back to Dusseldorf. Soon after the consummation of the new movements at Rome and the accession of King Louis, Cornelius was established at Munich, and Schadow, his co-worker, was appointed Director of the Dusseldorf Academy; to which he immediately communicated the spirit and style which they had both adopted, and by means of which a new impulse had been given to German art.

It was thus that the Dusseldorf school derived the distinctive peculiarities which characterize its works of sacred art. Schadow, since he has been at its head, has devoted himself almost exclusively to the painting of purely religious pictures; and the best productions of the Academy have been of this description. The school, however, has been by no means confined in its labors, or in its reputation, to this department of art. Some of its most

distinguished artists are painters of historical pictures, landscapes and still life. Many of them are Protestants, and ultra Protestants; the religious opinions of both sides of the school being sharpened by contact with each other. At the head of the latter class stands Lessing, who has acquired a great reputation from his pictures of the scenes and heroes of the Reformation, and who is looked up to as the head of the Protestant branch of the Academy.

The Dusseldorf Collection in this city, is one of unusual magnitude and comprehensiveness in the way of art; for it is in fact a revelation of a *whole school of painters* whose existence, until within the last few years, has been almost unknown to the general public of this country. When the exhibition was first opened, it comprised only a few pictures, and was not enriched by the productions of the most eminent artists of the Academy. These minor specimens of the school proved, however, in the highest degree acceptable, not only to the *dilettanti* but to the popular taste. Their striking fidelity to nature, in drawing, coloring, and expression, was universally appreciated; and the American public, charmed with the inkling they had obtained of the new school, became eager to extend their acquaintance with its productions. Under these circumstances new paintings, many of them by the greatest names of the Academy, were from time to time added to the Gallery; until at length Lessing's last and greatest work, "The Martyrdom of Huss," and Sohn's enchanting picture of "Diana and her Nymphs," crowned the attractions of the exhibition.

Variety is one of the most pleasing characteristics of the collection. It embraces all classes of subjects, from the sublime to the grotesque; and the light and humorous pictures appear to be as perfect in their way as the grander works of art which illustrate striking events in sacred and profane history. But the beauties and defects of the collection, whatever they may be, cannot properly be discussed in the preface to a catalogue. It would be easy, indeed, to quote voluminously and favorably from the columns of the public press; but it is not designed to forestall individual opinion. Let visitors be their own critics, and pronounce for themselves upon the merits of the pictures before them.

CATALOGUE

OF

PAINTINGS,

BY ARTISTS OF THE

ACADEMY AT DUSSELDORF.

1. Lessing's Great Historical Picture, "*Huss before the Stake*," or "*The Martyrdom of Huss.*"

This being Lessing's greatest work, and unquestionably one of the grandest productions of modern art, it has occasioned some surprise that it should have been permitted to find its way across the Atlantic. The simple fact is, that Mr. Boker, the proprietor of the collection, who, during a residence of twenty years at Dusseldorf, has been well acquainted with Mr. Lessing, obtained his promise of a preference in the purchase of this picture, at the time of its commencement; and in the spring of 1850, when it was nearly finished, they finally agreed upon the price. Thus, Mr. B. became the possessor while the picture was uncompleted in the artist's studio. Had it been submitted to the ordeal of public judgment, the chance of its becoming private property would undoubtedly have been lost. It was expressly stipulated with Mr. Lessing, that it should nowhere be exhibited except at Dusseldorf; and during only five days that it was seen there, an advance of £1,200 was already offered on the first price. The Dusseldorf correspondent of the *Augsburg Gazette*, says:—

"During the few days of public admission to Lessing's Huss, we have had one continual procession to the Academy, as well from our own city and environs as also from other towns and places on the Rhine. Nothing was spoken of but this picture; and the manner in which it was canvassed and how it was visited and seen, may with great propriety be called an artistical event. Lessing's full maturity must be ascribed to his clear and decided objective knowledge, and he is truly *the* painter of individualities; his figures are drawn and colored with the utmost perfection; the blood circulates—they live in complete and undisturbed vigor, and are distinguished by the greatest harmony in composition and representation. Still they are not portraits, but on the contrary they have been formed in

his mind, and appear on his canvas, with an originality appertaining to Lessing alone, whose physiological conception is almost without a parallel in the fine arts. With regard to the composition as a whole, it may perhaps be said that the catastrophe itself, the moment when Huss stood upon the stake, and the executioners were throwing their lighted torches upon it, would have been better adapted to express the passions in their diversified forms; but, at all events, it must be admitted that the persons who constitute this composition, although their passions be not fully developed, have been called forth by a study, manly, deep, powerful and original, and for this very reason the picture will make upon most beholders an impression far more serious and profound than if the burning act itself had been chosen for its scene.

"In singular contrast with these reflections, is the idea that this stupendous work has not been preserved to our country, but is destined for another people's enjoyment and cultivation of the fine arts. The expatriation of such a monument of German talent and German application must be sincerely regretted; and although endeavors to retain it are now no longer wanting, they all come too late, as the picture has finally passed into the possession of a private gentleman in New York. Prosaically speaking, any of our cities, and more particularly Berlin, the capital, might have derived material advantage from its acquisition."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF JOHN HUSS.

Johannes Huss, the pioneer of Lutheran Reformation, was born in the year 1373, at Hussinecz, in Bohemia, from which place he derived his name. In 1389 he entered the University of Prague, and distinguished himself by application and a moral course of life. He acquired a thorough theological education for his time. In 1398 he commenced public theological and philosophical readings. In 1402 he became a preacher at Prague, and by his sermons obtained great influence over the people, and also the students.

Soon afterwards, Queen Sophia, of Bohemia, nominated him her confessor, in which capacity he had access to the court. About this time, the writings of Wickliffe became known, and the truth with which this reformer laid open the abuses of the Catholic Church became very obvious to Huss, who was well versed in the Bible: and he now stood up as the most determined herald of a Reformation which was to recall the degenerated Catholic faith to the simplicity and purity of original Christianity.

His daring frankness soon raised a powerful opposition against him, and by degrees his cause became the cause of nations, particularly of the Bohemians and Germans. Bohemia no longer acknowledged the authority of the Pope, and Huss found willing hearers when he called the mass, the confessional, fasting, &c., &c., inventions of ecclesiastical despotism and superstition. Pope Alexander V. at last ordered Huss to appear at Rome; and as he did not follow, the Archbishop of Prague, Sbynko, undertook his immediate prosecution. Huss was forbidden to preach, but did not obey; and when the new Pope, John XXIII., again cited him to Rome, he appealed to a General Concilium. The Pope excommunicated him, and laid his interdict upon the city, as long as Huss remained therein. His adherents augmented, and as he had nothing more at heart than

the propagation of truth, he joyfully accepted the invitation of the Concilium, of Constance, and went to defend his faith before the theologians of the principal nations of Europe. The Emperor Sigismund, of Germany, guarantied his personal safety, by letters patent; and after his arrival at Constance, on 4th November, 1414, Pope John promised him the same security. But, already, on 28th November, he was arrested after a private hearing before some Cardinals, in spite of the repeated, earnest protestations of the Bohemian nobles, who had accompanied him by order of King Winceslaus. At the public hearings on the 7th and 8th June, which took place in the presence of the German Emperor, his defence was not noticed, and an unconditional repeal of his heretical tenets demanded from him. But as Huss remained firm, he was, although he reminded the Emperor of his safeguard, condemned to death on 6th July, 1415, and burned alive on the same day, and his ashes thrown into the Rhine. Huss died uttering the celebrated exclamation: "O sancta simplicitas!"

DESCRIPTION OF THE PICTURE.

Upon a slight eminence in the neighborhood of the city of Constance, the steeples of which are seen, the stake is erected, and around a tree despoiled of its branches, large bundles of wood and straw are piled up. One of the executioners is adding faggots to the pile, and three others stand ready to lay hold of the prisoner. The place of execution is surrounded by armed men, in the midst of whom the banner of Constance is raised. The executioners carry burning torches for lighting the stake; and quietly awaiting his time, one of them supports himself upon the long pole of the torch; whilst a third one, holding a rope for binding the prisoner, places his arms akimbo, and looks impatiently upon Huss, who, in the middle ground, at some little distance from the stake, has sunk upon his knees to pray. Full of faith and confidence, he looks towards heaven, the sun, breaking through light clouds, illuminating his countenance. In the act of kneeling down, the paper cap, upon which three devils are painted, and inscribed "Arch Heretic," has fallen off his head.

Armed citizens of Constance, of the lowest class, appareled in divers costumes of the middle age, and provided partly with partisans and partly with swords, have followed the prisoner. The furthermost, dressed in the red and white colors of the town, has lifted the cap from the ground, and is in the act of replacing it upon the head of Huss; another, leaning forward, his left hand on his knee, his right hand on his sword, stares scornfully at him from under his gray hat; and a third, in a coat of mail, threatens the praying Huss with his clenched fist.

While the prisoner and his escort have ascended the hill, the leaders have remained on the plain, and in the foreground appears on horseback, the staff of command in his hand, Duke Ludovic, of Bavaria, charged by the emperor to superintend the execution. He turns half around to a bishop, also on horseback; and beside these personages, the figure of a cardinal is seen on the right of the picture. Immediately behind this group, the banner of the duke of Bavaria is carried by a young warrior. Between the horses of the duke and bishop, an old Franciscan monk looks through his spectacles, full of curiosity, at Huss. Thus,

the whole right side of the picture, divided by the figure of the martyr in two parts, represents his opponents; whereas the left is composed principally of his adherents; and whilst among the former rough vulgarity and hate predominate, sorrow and commiseration are expressed on the other side. At the head of the left group is a young girl looking compassionately at Huss. She keeps her rosary behind a rock, too shy to show her feelings. A Bohemian noble, one of the knights who accompanied Huss to Constance, prays openly for him; a burgher of Constance, seems touched by some humanity, yet evinces, however, no special interest; but a young woman near him, contemplates Huss, full of compassion. In the crowd are observed the countenance of an old woman full of eager curiosity, that of a youth full of pity, a young girl, children, &c. A Trinitarian monk in the foreground, does not express the deep sensibility of the Augustinian monk behind him, who, bowed down, his hand pressed on his breast, looks before him. Near the stake stands a young Hungarian, also one of those who accompanied Huss to Constance. The figure of a Bohemian peasant keeping his club with his clenched hand, under his arm, and frowning darkly and sternly upon the duke of Bavaria, gives evidence of the passions which were roused in Bohemia by the execution of Huss, and by which one of the most bloody and cruel wars known in European history, was kindled.

The splendidly executed landscape in the picture appears in the half light of an atmosphere in part obscured by light clouds.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS ON THE "MARTYRDOM OF HUSS."

FROM THE BULLETIN OF THE AMERICAN ART-UNION, SEPT. 1ST, 1850.

LESSING, THE ARTIST.—We have several times mentioned a new painting by Lessing—*The Martyrdom of Huss*,—which Mr. Boker has purchased for the Dusseldorf Gallery, in this city. We observe, by accounts in the newspapers, that this work is now finished, and has been exhibited for a short time in Germany, where it was considered by many to be the masterpiece of its author. Its arrival here will be an event of the highest interest in the world of art, and will mark, more distinctly than any other which has yet occurred, the advance of our countrymen in taste and knowledge on this subject. We have thought that some notice of the distinguished genius who has produced this painting, would be acceptable at the present time, and have accordingly translated from Count Raczynski's "Histoire de l'Art Moderne en Allemagne," a few observations respecting him :—

"The first work which announced the new era that was opening for painting at Dusseldorf, was Lessing's *Mourning King and Queen* (Le Couple Royal en Deuil), which was exhibited in Berlin, in 1830. Lessing is distinguished by a fortunate union of romanticism with correctness and severity of style, by a sensibility which affection purifies without enfeebling, by an ardor which is always moderated by good sense and good taste, and, in fine, by the most exact harmony of noble and tender emotions with profound thought. His talent is infinitely varied—sometimes he is the author of somber ballads—sometimes you observe inspirations which recall the *Stanze* of Raphael—in other subjects, you find some resemblance to Robert. He has successfully attempted fresco painting at the

country house of Count Spee—he has composed landscapes of all dimensions, and with a perfection which none of his cotemporaries have surpassed. His *Brigand, with Landscape Scenery*, is a charming *genre* picture. In his *Couple Royal*, he rises, by the purity of style and the severity of attitudes and drawing, to a lofty height. This picture presents a fact of historical interest. Schadow served as the model for the head of the king. I have seen, at the engraver's, Ludritz's, at Berlin, the crayon study for which Schadow sat. How valuable will this drawing become one of these days! Whoever goes through Dusseldorf without seeing Lessing's drawings, misses the best opportunity of properly studying this admirable genius, who bestows the highest honor on that rising school. These drawings give a better idea of his merit than the small number of oil pictures he has thus far (1836) painted. Besides, these pictures are dispersed. Among the crayon drawings of Lessing, I should place in the first rank, that of *Huss defending himself before his judges; The Fanatic preaching in a wood; the Death of Frederick II., Hohenstaufen*, two drawings representing *Walter and Hildegunde*, a subject taken from an old German poem. The *Huss*, and the *Frederick II.* characterize, above all the rest, Lessing's talents, and indicate the road which he should follow, to gain unrivaled renown. The sphere best suited to his genius and his predispositions, seems to me to be traced by these two drawings, and by the picture of the *Couple Royal en deuil*. I shall pause at the *Huss*, as presenting the larger and more important composition.

"Huss, placed in the centre of the hall, defends his cause before the united body of Cardinals and Bishops; he seems willing to obtain his pardon by dexterity rather than to grasp it by convincing his adversaries. His physiognomy is not among those which, by conventional contraction, express some emotion that the dictionary renders by a single word. Here is an undefinable strife of the passions—a soul sick and weary—fanaticism and doubt—fear and obstinacy. * * * * You are uncertain whether you should pity or condemn, for it is the tumult of the passions which gives to this countenance a sinister aspect. * * * * The Council produces a different impression. The judges are quite at their ease—equitable considerations seem to occupy them but little—still they are attentive—they are good listeners—we predict that, free from apprehension and remorse, they will render a judgment of blood—sophistry does not offend them—they see its weak or pleasant side. * * * * Lessing shows no party spirit in this work; his design exhibits the influence neither of religious zeal nor of the passions. I have thought that I read in it factious fanaticism broken, and the unpitying injustice of an omnipotent tribunal. * * * * The repose of the attributes contrasts with the mental action and with the lively emotions that are painted upon the faces. Every physiognomy is conceived with much skill and depth of thought. Lessing's works do not haughtily pretend to impose upon us particular judgments or emotions. But they cause such to spring up, and force us to give ourselves up to them. They do not engrave, if I may so express myself, exclamation points upon the foreheads, in the open mouths and glistening eyes. With Lessing, emotions take a language different from the academic manifestations, and their effect is surer. * * * * After having seen the

productions of this artist, it is impossible not to be interested in the man. Lessing is a tall, fine-looking person. His blond hair, his subdued look, his delicate complexion, give a particular charm to his countenance. He has a timid air, distrustful, dreamy, melancholic. Sadness seems stamped upon his features, but his smile has much sweetness. He is not very communicative, and is even taciturn at times. He hears judgments rendered, opposed entirely to his own opinions, without taking sides. He remains silent—his cheeks color—his soul has received a shock, and the impression will not be transitory, Lessing is calm, only upon the surface. His attitude is not bold, but boldness in him does not lose its rights. Every thing which he undertakes he does with ardor, and his animation is not confined to painting—it makes itself apparent, to the same degree, in all his actions. * * * * Every thing in Lessing's position seems to presage happiness and renown. He is esteemed and cherished as a master—he is surrounded by the love and regard of all the artists of Dusseldorf. Many people see in Art no higher name than his, and I willingly avow myself of this opinion.

"Lessing was born at Wirtemberg, in Silesia, about the year 1808. He is grand-nephew of the great poet of the same name—the author of 'Nathan, the Sage.' His family are in easy circumstances, and his father fills a distinguished place in the magistracy. A younger brother has already gained distinction as a botanist. Lessing has a taste for field sports. Alone, with his gun upon his shoulder, he spends many a morning in the country. He is not always disposed for work; however, when he gives himself up to it, he is diligent and attentive. He is burdened with orders; and if he did not refuse many, he would have more than he could execute in his lifetime. In his relations to his colleagues, he exhibits the greatest kindness of heart, cheerfully assisting with his advice those who have recourse to him.

"The following are the principal works of Lessing:—*The Ruined Cemetery*, exhibited in 1828; a cartoon of the *Young Tobias* the same year; *The Mourning King and Queen* (das trauernde Koenigs,—Paar); about the same time, the fresco at the chateau of Count Spee, representing the *Battle of Iconium*, with figures a little smaller than life; in 1832, *Leonore*, from Burger's poem, which picture belongs to the Prince Royal of Prussia—the figures one-third of life-size; the same year, *The Brigand*. This belongs to the painter Sohn, and has been lithographed. Lessing made a duplicate of it for Frenkel, the banker of Berlin. He is occupied now (1836) in painting for the Prince Royal, *The Fanatic Preaching in a Wood*, a composition of great power in which the passions are more clearly indicated than in the *Huss;* but I do not know that the impression it produces is deeper.

"Lessing's landscapes are full of poetry; but I have no desire to see them on his canvas. Future ages will have good reason to complain of such an application of his talent. The time of a master like Lessing, should be consecrated to greater things. The exhibition of 1834 was not sufficient to change my opinion. However, I must confess that while I am soon weary of seeing the landscapes of artists in general, I discover every day a new charm in those of Lessing. It must be that it is the secret—the mysterious thought—which forms their principal merit, for we cannot well explain what it is which so irresistably attracts us.

"In these observations upon Lessing, I shall always believe that I have neither well nor fully expressed what I feel; and it seems to me, that what I omit is the very thing which may best characterize his immense talent—best make the reader comprehend how noble is the moral organization of this young Artist."

A subsequent number of the *Bulletin* contained the following critique on the 'Martyrdom of Huss:'

"The public,—not the public which believes that the highest object of Art is imitation, and its most successful achievement the painting of the counterfeit hammer on the old Museum stair-case,—but the cultivated and enlightened public which values works of Art for the ideas they embody, is greatly moved and affected by the calm grandeur of this picture. We confess we are among these who are thus influenced, and we think we see a great deal more in it than the representation of mere externalities. We fully believe that the various characters of the persons introduced, and the mode in which the scene that was supposed to be passing before their eyes would influence each one, occupied Lessing's attention vastly more than the technical parts.

"That these different emotions and passions are distinctly shown, while at the same time, they are not made violent or obtrusive, is to us a striking proof, both of his genius as an artist, and his wisdom as a student of human nature. Is it not true that the feelings of the spectators of that sad procession to the stake, are perfectly well discriminated? It seems to us that what is passing in their minds is as clearly revealed as if we had interrogated each one of them. We read in unmistakable language, the haughty indifference of the prelates, the vulgar curiosity of the Franciscan friar, Duke Ludovic's love of parade, the partisian fury of the burghers, the brutal ferocity of the executioners, the Bohemian noble's affectionate veneration for his master, the destestation of tyranny that tightens the frowning rustic's grasp of his club, the tremulous sympathy of the woman who is telling her beads, and the passage of divine truth into the heart of the monk, who stands with his head bowed upon his breast, as if it were bent thus by the first breath of that mighty wind, which later, in the days of Luther, should shake Europe to its centre. At the same time, these various emotions are not represented by violent gestures or contorted features, and this, as we have said, shows Lessing's accurate study of human nature. We must remember that this martyrdom is but the consummation of a purpose that must have been fully understood some time before. The treachery and cruelty of Huss's enemies were not then for the first time announced to the people. This burning at the stake was to have been expected after his arrest some months previously, and the Emperor's violation of his plighted word. The indignation of the people, therefore, instead of exhibiting itself in an outburst of fury, would naturally have appeared in the deep stern silence in which Lessing has represented it, and which to us, is far more impressive and solemn than the greatest intensity of dramatic action. We know not how it is with others, but the awful stillness which seems to pervade this scene, and is only disturbed by the movement of the wretch who places the cap of mockery on the head of the victim, brings before our minds the horror of the

martyrdom, and the glory of the martyr, more vividly than could have been done by the most highly wrought display of passion.

"It is true that Lessing has treated all this with wonderful technical skill. The balance of the groups—the individual forms—the contrast and harmony of colors—the reflected lights—the minutest truths of chiaroscuro united with the greatest breadth of general effect; all these qualities extort praise from his most exacting critics. But it does not follow that, simply because he is so successful in technical matters, he must, therefore, have expended upon them all his thought and study, and neglected the intellectual conception of the event. His great practice may have given such dexterity to his hand, and precision to his eye, that the attainment of this particular excellence was not to him a very difficult matter. We fear that some of those who thus criticise him, infer his exclusive and laborious attention to these technical points, from a knowledge of how much toil and thought any approach to his excellence would cost *them*. They are so taken up with his skill in the rendering of textures and materials, that they have no eyes for anything beyond these matters. They bestow all their observation upon these points, and neglect his general conception of the event. On the other hand, to the common spectator, all this dexterity seems a matter of course. Every thing looks so simple and natural to such a person, that he never thinks of inquiring how it is done, but goes straight forward to the passions and emotions—the act and the actors represented. All these technical excellencies make the canvas look so much the less like a painting, to his eyes. He forgets the vehicle—the brushes and the paint-pots, and remembers nothing but Huss, his friends and his enemies. If this be a merit of a work of art, that it throws into the soul a direct and powerful realization of the idea sought to be represented, without reminding it of the means by which this effect is produced, or the personal peculiarities of its author, then is the *Huss* a great picture, for such, we believe, is the mode in which it influences a majority of its most intelligent spectators."

FROM THE NEW YORK ALBION.

Lessing's Martyrdom of Huss.—The Dusseldorf Gallery offers at this moment, a new claim to public notice, in addition to those works of sterling merit which we have several times commended, and which, we honestly believe, have had a direct effect in stimulating and improving American artists, whilst forming a permanent source of pleasure for all amateurs in our midst. It may not be amiss to say a few words as to the manner in which this, the greatest work of one of the first of modern artists, comes to be exhibited in New York.

Mr. Boker, of this city, to whom it belongs, resided for twenty years at Dusseldorf, and was on friendly terms with Lessing. Soon after the "Martyrdom of Huss" was commenced, it was agreed that he should become its possessor; and, whilst still on the easel, the terms were arranged and the bargain was concluded. Some idea of its value may be formed from the fact that, though exhibited only five days at Dusseldorf, before its shipment at Rotterdam, it drew crowds of curious admirers from all parts of Germany, and brought Mr. Boker the offer of six thousand dollars advance upon the price which he had paid for it. Delaroche's picture of "Napoleon crossing the Alps," was not generally appreciated here; let us hope that more taste will be shown on the present occasion.

We must record in a few words our sense of the extraordinary merits of this picture. Taken as a whole or in detail, it equally challenges examination, and conveys an immediate sense of its power, its truth, and its beauty. Indeed, in evenness of excellence we should be at a loss to find its parallel. The grouping we have described. The drawing is admirably correct (as it almost invariably is amongst these studious, persevering men of Dusseldorf); the coloring is grave, as befits the scene, but harmonious withal; the attitudes of the many figures are picturesque, and varied in an unusual degree; and if Horace Vernet or Landseer might have surpassed Lessing in the forehand of the Duke's horse, which is very prominent, neither of these equestrian artists could have seated the rider more naturally, or have given us a choicer bit of their skill than may be noticed in the foreshortened horse of the Bishop, and the attitude of the dignitary himself.

FROM THE LITERARY WORLD.

Lessing's Martyrdom of Huss.—When we consider the distinguished European rank of this artist, his position in Germany, the peculiar selection of this subject, which combines the finest studies with long cherished associations of the artist; and that, with the exception of a very brief public view at Dusseldorf, this is the first exhibition of a most important production in the history of modern art, we may certainly congratulate New York on the compliment to its tastes in the present possession of this work. To Mr. Boker's personal zeal in behalf of art, and to his acquaintance with Mr. Lessing, we are indebted for this privilege.

The painting exhibits that moment of the memorable historic scene of the city of Constance, when Huss, the pure-minded martyr, approaches the place of execution. A stake is erected on a hill which Huss has already ascended, and where he has fallen on his knees praying. Attired in a simple black gown, he is looking heavenward, his countenance withdrawn from any immediate impressions of the scene in an expression of angelic trust and repose. The attitude is natural, the whole look full of simplicity; the purest spirit of Protestantism, calm reliance, the clear outlook of faith. There seems nothing extraordinary in the conduct of the man; he goes calmly to death, as to slumber. Even so historians tell us Huss yielded up his spirit. This quality of naturalness runs through the whole composition, in the grouping, the detail, the individual character. It is the finished result of a thorough mastery of art, and a fusion of the historical and individual elements in the one prevailing tone of the piece. The effect is that of utter harmony. As the spectator looks from one figure to another, there are no awkward intervals to supply, or forced contrasts to get over; the gradation is skillful and proportionate. Each figure has its appropriate place, its relative importance. The immediate action is represented by one of the throng replacing from above the paper cap, painted with devils, which has fallen from the head of the martyr; and by the ghastly presence of the two executioners, on either side of the stake, who in the smoke assume a supernatural, impish appearance, the more as they are dwarfed by the necessities of the picture. We feel that these figures could have been dispensed with, and that they were better away. They distract the attention, and are at variance with the literalness everywhere predominant. The paper cap

seems to us an intrusion ; as the longer we look at the picture, the more we fasten upon its biographical rather than its historical interest. It is Huss whom we see, in ineffable purity and pathos, and Huss alone. The rest, like ourselves, are but spectators, and they stand out as clearly to view. On our right are the treacherous Catholic party, the politicians of church and state, and the abettors of Rome. We see them, for the most part, curiosity or indifference, a cruelty which is a matter of course business of life for an heretical occasion of this kind. On the other side of the picture, the scene is softened by a young girl bending towards Huss. A nobleman, a burgher, age and youth, give dignity to the crowd ; while a wild revolutionary reformer presages the Bohemian wars to come. The grouping here, as throughout, is artistic. The foremost of the secondary figures is the Duke Ludovic, of Bavaria, on horseback, the superintendent of the execution, who turns to a bishop, also on horseback. The horse and his rider are in bold relief. The accessories of banners, the spires of the town, and the clouded sky over the whole, are delicately managed. In the color, which partakes of the prevailing atmosphere of German art, in the separation of strong passion from the scene, and in the absence of deeply individualized portraits, we note the differences between the modern and the old school of Italy. This stirs feeling, but those appeal more nearly to the life. The test of the two is the increase of knowledge and admiration which the study of the old Masters brings along with it, as compared with the immediate and entire impression of the whole in this picture. There is no room left for the imagination beyond. We do not grow up into it, as into the Titians and Raphaels. It tells its story well, the judgment approves, the taste responds; but it is not the great style of art, in which not merely a particular phase of character is represented, good for that occasion, like the groupings on the stage, but humanity itself in the individual, with its story behind and its tale to come, sits for the picture.

FROM THE HOME JOURNAL.

Lessing's Martyrdom of Huss.—In owing to one individual the bringing of this picture over the water, we owe no trifling debt, as a nation eager to overtake other nations in acquaintance with the arts. The Dusseldorf Gallery, which we owe to Mr. Boker, is a long stride in the American chase after knowledge. Lessing's picture is a grand and new field of study for artists and lovers of the arts, and none who care to know what painting is, in its highest sense, can lose the opportunity of becoming possessed with all its spirit and influence, by frequent and studious visits.

FROM THE EVENING POST.

Lessing's Martyrdom of Huss.—The general feeling, on the first look at this picture, was surprise at the masterly treatment of the subject, and the superlative beauty of the execution. The pile at which the victim is to meet his fate, is judiciously placed in the obscurity of the back ground, where the grim guards stand with the lighted torches; for the roasting of a man, even though he be a martyr, is, notwithstanding Titian's St. Lawrence on a Gridiron, and other eminent examples, an affair in which horror overpowers every other emotion. The death which Huss is to die, appears only in shadowy though certain pros-

pect. He is represented in an attitude of religious supplication, with his hands clasped, and his eyes raised to heaven in hope and serene confidence. Behind him is a group of men bearing halberds and other arms, in which the artist, by the skillful disposition of the figures and the variety of their garb and personal appearance, has contrived to give the idea of a vast multitude. The drawing is admirable, the expression unexaggerated, the finish wonderfully perfect, and the coloring agreeable, but subdued to a grave sobriety, well suited to the solemnity of the subject. The picture is the work of a man of genius, who has mastered all the resources of art.

FROM THE NEW YORK INDEPENDENT.

THE MARTYRDOM OF HUSS.—A little more than four hundred years have rolled away since the forerunner of the reformation in Germany was burnt at the stake, near the beautiful city of Constance, and his ashes thrown into the Rhine. Now, at the seat of art endowed by royal patronage, on the banks of the same Rhine, the great historical painter of Germany reproduces that scene of martyrdom; and the citizens of Dusseldorf, and of many a neighboring town and village, in one continual procession, crowd to the Academy to gaze upon the Bohemian hero, whom the artist has imaged forth in the majesty of the Christian faith. Dukes, nobles, bishops, knights, monks, soldiers, and executioners, all seem alike insignificant and execrable in presence of the noble form that kneels in sight of the stake, and calmly looks to Heaven for succor. This great painting—which European critics have pronounced Lessing's master-piece—is now on exhibition at the *Dusseldorf Gallery*, in this city. It was procured for this Gallery by the personal influence and enterprise of the proprietor, Mr. Boker, a gentleman who is devoting his fortune to the cultivation of art in his adopted country. This is, perhaps, the greatest work of art ever exhibited in the United States. The German press lamented that such a monument of native talent should be expatriated. It is in itself a history, more powerful in its testimony against Rome than volumes of learned argument. By avoiding the horror of the final catastrophe, the artist has heightened the moral effect. Had he represented Huss already in the flames, the impression might have been revolting; now the picture invites to study, and the spectator carries out the scene to its sad conclusion.

Upon a hill to the left, the stake is seen piled with wood and straw for the sacrifice. There stand the executioners, like fiends of darkness in the gleam of their torches. On the right is the pompous procession of dukes, cardinals, and bishops, who have halted to view the execution from a distance, while the prisoner and his escort of rough soldiers are ascending the hill. Midway up the eminence, and directly facing the stake, Huss is kneeling in prayer, his serene countenance contrasting finely with the contempt and hatred visible in the princes and ecclesiastics, and the fierce and diabolical expression of the rabble soldiery. In the foreground, on the left, is a little company of the followers of Huss, whose countenances are marked with sorrow and commiseration, while here and there one seems ready to revenge the martyr's death. It is a scene to be studied. The perfection of drawing and coloring, the completeness of outline, and the minute-

ness of detail, grow upon the vision by repeated inspection. But it is not till by frequent visits one has mastered the conception of the painter, and begun to lose the picture in the reality, that the full moral impression of the scene can be felt. Then the soul will mount on that martyr's prayer, and feel itself nerved for that martyr's death. Then joy and gratitude will swell the heart that the martyr-fires of other generations have made this, our time, radiant with the light of the gospel.

We commend this great work alike to the artist and to the Christian. The proprietor has conferred a favor on the public by procuring such a master-piece for their inspection. The refining influence of such a gallery as the Dusseldorf is inestimable. One stints his soul, who suffers business-cares or social pleasures to debar him from its soft and hallowed atmosphere.

FROM THE N. Y. TRIBUNE.

LESSING'S MARTYRDOM OF HUSS.—On this noble picture being exhibited to a party of eminent artists and literary men, preparatory to the public exhibition, there was but one feeling in the minds of all present, and that was of the extremest delight, not only in the commanding worth of the picture, but in the fact that we have now in America one of the finest of all contemporary works of art; for Lessing ranks among the first of modern artists, as the German School stands very near the head of modern art. He shares the palm with Kaulbach in Germany—whose most striking difference from Lessing is a more daring and poetic imagination.

Of the present picture we can scarce do more than indicate the value. Description we leave aside, for it is something all must see and study. It represents the martyrdom of John Huss, the famed early German reformer; and the artist seizes the moment when the victim kneels for the last time, and a grim fanatic is just holding the cap over his head, which shall shut the sun from his eyes forever.

The picture is finely balanced. The group upon the right is composed of the foes of the martyr, represented in the figures of a duke, a cardinal, a friar, and the fanatical crowd. That on the left is a mass of Bohemian peasants, including one or two priests—one of whom, with bent head, clearly meditates if this sacrifice be altogether of sweet savor to the Lord. In the depth of the picture is the stake, surrounded by executioners, in whom human sympathy is quite extinguished, and who await their turn with the consequential composure of scene-shifters at the wing.

The composition of this work is most thoroughly digested and artistic. Although the scene is full of tragical suggestions, the eye is constantly drawn to Huss, its centre, and is there refreshed and consoled. This is in kind the same artistic success as in Raphael's Transfiguration, in which the serene sweetness of Christ ceaselessly seduces the eye from the foreground of horror and disease. It is a success, moreover, oftener sought than obtained, and in which the artist most surely approves himself a master.

The great success of the work is in this, that it produces in the spectator's

mind the just impression of the scene; and we ascertain that from the group of Bohemian sympathizers, in whose wondering, profound, and perplexed sorrow we find mirrored our own emotion, after a long and fascinated look into the tranquility of the picture. It has, so far, too, the character of a classical work—that it is broad, and composed and tender in the unity of its impression. Neither the eye nor the mind are distracted. The story is told simply, and yet not barely. The emotions that wait upon the tale have their proper place, and no more than their proper prominence in the telling. But Lessing has achieved one success in this work, greater than those of Delaroche and the French artists, who are of a similar school. For, while the Frenchmen are content with an admirable representation of their incident, and punctiliously perfect the adjuncts and details, yet have no more in their pictures than existed in the words of the story, the Germans—thanks to their subtler imaginations and more catholic intellect—make the picture tell what the story implies, and so elevate it from being a mere illustration of history or poetry, into the dignity of a distinct work of art.

The following is an extract from an elaborate article by Dr. Koerner, which appeared in the *Evening Post* of Feb. 15, 1851. Dr. Koerner's communication was in reply to a long criticism in the Tribune, in which the "Martyrdom of Huss" is described as a *genre* picture. For the information of the reader unacquainted with the technicalities of art, it may be well to state that *genre*, a French word, literally signifying *genus*, is used as an adjective by artists in reference both to subjects and their mode of treatment. Any subject, the interest of which is local or simply human, and not connected with any great historical event, is *genre*; and the same term applies to the literal reproduction of form, texture, and quality on canvas. Perhaps the best brief definition that can be given of the word as a conventionalism of art, is that it represents the conditions of nature, and in it of man. The article from which the subjoined quotation is made, is evidently from the pen of an accomplished *connoisseur* of the fine arts.

"Among the productions in modern abstract painting, which the progress of art no longer recognizes, are the so-called *ideal-historical* pictures, without truth to nature, which latter they leave to the '*Genre*.' Such an ideal-historical picture without truth to nature and history, is what the depreciator of Lessing would have. But these mannerists, who think themselves enlightened, leave every contemplative beholder unmoved, because, instead of nature warm with life, they paint traditional and obsolete forms, ostensibly to bring to view higher transcendental ideas, appearing in their disguise to the uncultivated mass like a spiritual existence; but the plain fact is, that they are incapable to assemble and to shape their unnatural subjects and colors with any truth to nature, and they consequently produce only fantastic and theatrically exaggerated figures, such as the critic in the *Tribune* desires for the principal subject of the picture, for Huss—and such as he praises so lavishly in the figure and theatrical attitudes of one of the executioners, which might justly be blamed, if they were not exactly suited to the public performance of such a person.

"It is not alone from the eyes of the Virgin Mary, from the midst of the Saints, from the features of Marcus Curtius, that the divine beams out; it beams also from the dew drops on the petals of flowers, it rocks on the ocean billows, and breathes in the dark depths of the forest. But the divine does not always beam from the distorted features of the exalted fanatic, when 'his eye is glowing,' nor from the head, conceitedly thrown back, of a so-called hero, even though his step is 'firm and noble;' but it may beam from the plain, unassuming features of a great, devout spirit, who is entirely indifferent at being the subject of an exhibition; and it does beam from the countenance of Huss, such as Lessing has represented it.

"The critic's doctrine of estimating the height of art according to its abstraction from fidelity to nature, is altogether an antiquated one, and entirely insufficient for the progress of art. He does not seem to recognize the great importance of *genre* painting for the progressive development of modern art. Everybody acquainted with the history of art will know that as a peculiar species of painting, '*Genre*,' is a fruit of the reformation of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and that only by being freed from abstract and antiquated forms and trammels, it was rendered possible for art to paint life and nature for their own sake. Thus the '*Genre*' has modeled a new branch of painting, the subject and essential meaning of which requires the representation of reality and ideality united. This is *historical* painting—the youngest independent formation of modern art. The critic of Lessing's picture does not know this. For grandness of conception, Kaulbach stands undeniably above Lessing; but the latter is far ahead in that which Kaulbach strives zealously to attain in every new picture, depth of expression of character and mind, poetical harmony of coloring, within the limits of the strictest truth to nature, and, at all times, the ideal-breath of a life-like warmth, which touches us so directly in all beautiful scenery. Although these last-named merits are chief features of Lessing's Huss, the critic is not only not aware of them, but even seeks in them the elements of his blame in the deprecation of the picture. Of coloring he apparently knows nothing, to judge from his endeavors to find fault with the coloring of the praying girl's costume in the foreground of the picture, to the very effect of which it is owing, that Lessing has so admirably succeeded in not making the black color of Huss's garment—an historical necessity, and extremely difficult to balance in just the position is occupies—disturb the harmony of the whole. Such errors make us cease to wonder that the critic does not feel the poetry of coloring in this noble picture, and in contemplating it, has not been drawn into its total effect, so inimitably adapted to the action represented, nor is he at all sensible of the sultriness of nature prevailing in the picture, which seems to have been long thirsting for dew and refreshing rain. But the critic does not want, in a classical painting, such truth to nature. Very well, he must then dispense with all modern art, for modern art requires, in fact, for its representation, ideas which bear their reality in themselves, and are penetrated with a higher spirit. Lessing's Huss presents the idea of the contrast between the old stationary church, and the young mind pressing onward, but not yet arrived at outward power. If,

then, the clearly conceived ideas of modern times are found rising to the surface in history, this history is precisely that reality required for modern art, which, as practised and nourished by Lessing, Kaulbach, and others, has the capacity of serving as the expression of the times and their spirit. Lessing's Huss is consequently an historical picture, because it represents the spirit of the time in its full, concrete, sensual existence, and not after the manner of ages long gone by. To solve this newest problem of art, the artist cannot and must not fall back upon a surpassed period, but, on the contrary, he must grasp important events from the higher standard of the present, comprehend them in their spiritual development, and paint them with all the technical perfection afforded by the means of our day, not *although*, but *because* the truth of nature is thus reflected. This requisite of modern art has been in a high degree satisfied in Lessing's Huss, by its historical truth, and by the simple yet exquisitely harmonious conception with which this truth has been depicted. But this the critic is not able to discover, and instead of it he sets *his* view of the figure of Huss before us, which has such a common-place appearance, that we could show him numbers of such heroes, in mediocre pictures, on the stage and in the circus. Moreover, his idea of Huss is so unhistorical, that it is entirely useless for an historical painting. The critic may convince himself of this by an attentive perusal of history. Lessing's Huss is traced with historical truth, nobly but humanly. Huss was no buskined theater-hero, nor a fanatic, like the troop or Hussites who were followers of Ziska; and at his dying day, through his sufferings in prison, his body, always delicate, was much emaciated. But his spirit remained firm, and he died calm and resigned, without enacting by unnecessary exultation, a drama before the multitude.

"A more accurate study of history will further convince the critic that Lessing has drawn the Palatine Ludwig, this shallow royal fop and Jack Ketch of the Holy Fathers of the Council, in a manner not to be surpassed, as the type of the Emperor Sigismund and the royal representatives of the German Empire at that time, without injuring the æsthetic sense of the beholder; and what the critic blames, is, in reality, the greatest praise for Lessing. It is the same with the representatives of the Roman Church; that they form such a contrast to the Hussites, those powerful Sclavic natures full of greef and suppressed wrath, is an historical truth, and an artistic beauty of the picture. I will enter into no further particulars about its merits, as I shall notice it more connectedly hereafter without the restraint of controversy, nor do I care to answer to the trivial and not even correct fault-finding of the drawing, by which I was reminded of a scene which I once witnessed, when Cornelius was still occupied in Munich with his 'Last Judgment.' A stranger visited the picture several days in succession, and always looked at the lower part of the colossal angel with the sword of Justice. When at length Cornelius addressed him in a friendly manner, the stranger asked him 'if one of the great toes of the angel was not a little too small?' Cornelius examined it, and really found it too short by half a straw's width; he smilingly corrected the fault with one stroke of the brush, and then said, still smiling, to the gentleman: 'But now do me the favor to take a look at the picture.'"

We close our selection from the innumerable criticisms on this picture (all more or less favorable), with an extract from a translation of a very able analysis of its merits and peculiarities, from the pen of Mr. Moras, of New York :

The Martyrdom of Huss.—Lessing had already, previous to this noble work, selected the great Bohemian reformer as the subject of a masterly painting : in praise of which much has been said and written. It belongs to the museum of Frankfort in Germany. But this last creation of his exalted genius surpasses all preceding ones, and conclusively proves the steady progress of the great artist.

We find Huss, in the 15th century, in Bohemia, as the representative of enlightened views against the corruption of the Catholic priesthood, whose labors were all directed to the spreading of ignorance and superstition among the people. History reports him the fearless champion of Christianity in its purest form, and opposing in bold relief the immorality and pernicious influence of pontificial power. The artist who can grasp the character of so mighty an epoch in history, and present it to the spectator in such a manner as to arrest and enchain the attention of even the most careless observer, merits the highest praise.

By his unceasing efforts for the restoration of simple, original Christianity, Huss, to the consternation and terror of the clergy, won many partisans in Bohemia. Rome trembled at the stern denunciations of her degradation, which threatened to inflict an incurable wound upon the whole artificial fabric of the Papal Hierarchy. The Pope, confiding in the strength of his spiritual and temporal power, endeavored to interdict the labors of Huss ; who, thereupon, appealed to a general council, before whom he appeared in November, 1414, rejoiced to have the opportunity of publicly pleading for and vindicating his doctrines. The Emperor Sigismund, of Germany, granted him letters patent, insuring his personal safety ; and by order of Winceslaus, King of Bohemia, a number of the Bohemian nobility became his escort. But notwithstanding the assurances of the Pope, and the earnest protestations of the nobles who accompanied him, Huss was arrested, and brought before the council as a prisoner. So great, however, was the fear of his opponents, lest their moral deformity might suffer conviction from the purity and truth of his doctrines, that they forbade all public discussion of them. At the final examination, which took place July 6th, 1415, thirty-nine sentences, taken from his dissertations, were read to him, all of which he enthusiastically acknowledged as his own ; but instead of admitting his defence and arguments based on the Scriptures, an unconditional recantation of his "heretical tenets" was demanded from him. But as he remained firm, his accusers, who were also his judges, sentenced him to be burned, together with his writings ; and this inhuman edict was put into execution the same day—the emperor having revoked his protection, through fear of the ecclesiastical power. After this slight historical reminiscence, we pass to the contemplation of the picture.

In the centre of the colossal painting (about 12 by 18 feet), kneels the figure of Huss, upon a grassy mound. Behind him the fanatic rabble mockingly draws near, while in the foreground, on the right, appears the Duke of Bavaria and the Pope's representatives—the former commissioned by the emperor to superintend the execution. On the left, a large group are gathered to witness the

sufferings of the martyr, and among them are mingled friends and adherents in striking contrast with thoughtless and indifferent spectators. The funeral pile is attended by the executioners; further back we discern the hirelings of power, with banners unfurled. In the background rise the steeples of Constance, while far in the distance the mountains of Switzerland raise their snow-clad peaks through the mellow atmosphere of a summer evening.

The composition is bold and grand, yet simple and truthful. There is no theatrical pomp, no superfluous addition; no capricious treatment, either in general or detail; but still there is an exquisite fullness of scenic effect; and Lessing has delineated every thing with consummate skill and profound knowledge of his subject. The monk in the foreground, near the Duke of Bavaria, is as much in his place as the executioners, eagerly awaiting their victim. Each figure is individualized, and marked with some peculiar and characteristic emotion, expressive of the person's nature and particular calling; and in short, all suits the momentous occasion. Full of hope and courage, Huss kneels down to offer up a last prayer. Resignedly he contemplates his approaching fate, as if warned by a conviction that a fruitful soil, to be nurtured with his blood, had received the seed of his righteous doctrines. True to his faith, and purified by the spirit of Christ, he remains firm and unshaken in the midst of all trials, and kneels before his Creator, to invoke his blessing and mercy upon his enemies—as his Redeemer had done before him.

Let us now contemplate the manner in which Lessing has portrayed the various shades of thought, feeling, and passion, in this triumph of modern art. The malicious expression of the scoffing fanatic, who presses forward with the fatal cap, is finely rendered, and "Down with the arch heretic!" "Vengeance upon the enemies of the alone saving Church!" are written in every lineament, and flash from the caverns of his eyes. The figure on his right, grasping a weapon in his uplifted hand, and whispering to the martyr words of bitter scorn and hate, is full of power and expression.

On the left, an aged ruffian presses forward with eyes intent upon Huss; he seems amazed at so much fortitude and resignation in a heretic, and impatiently awaits the moment when the blazing faggots will be piled around the suffering martyr, and yet drive him to a recantation of his heresies. Many others crowd forward—each a distinct and seperate being, different in thought and feeling, but all burning with intense hatred of the intrepid reformer.

The great merit of Lessing's painting lies in the truthful manner in which all and every thing is expressed. At every glance we discover some new beauty, some surpassing excellence, which had not before revealed itself. Every figure stands out from the canvas, fraught with a peculiar characteristic. Every thought, feeling and passion is depicted with masterly power, and the whole are grouped around the noble impersonation of meek heroism in the centre, with an artistic skill and grace rarely equaled in the annals of art; and it is impossible to detect the slightest repetition, either in drawing or colors.

We will pass to the second principal group. The Duke of Bavaria has received orders from the Emperor to be present at the execution. Seated upon a spirited steed, a true portraiture of the chivalry of the middle ages, he reveals

to us, in his exterior, the relation in which the civil power stood to that of the clergy. One is the pillar of the other, and yet they contest their prerogatives at every step, lest their balance should be destroyed. Without the co-operation of the Empire, the Papal authority is impotent; and without the consecration of the Church, the Empire is untenable. Each acts in conjunction with the other, so far as necessity demands, and no farther. On a black horse, most admirably drawn for the service of an ecclesiastic of the time, we see a Bishop. In his eye the expression of cruelty is clearly observed; his mouth is drawn into a sneer, and his gray head is turned with cool indifference towards the scene. He is there to represent the dignity of the priesthood—the authority of ecclesiastical power. Revenge, combined with a pharisaical appearance of pious satisfaction, are inimitably expressed in the face of the Bishop; who is accustomed to see people die, and to whom it matters little who is sacrificed, so that the authority of the Church be not endangered. The Duke, on the other hand, represents the Empire; he turns towards the Bishop, as if in doubt of the righteousness of the judgment. With a happy moderation, the painter has exhibited in his attire, just sufficient of the outward show of the courtier and warrior, for the solemnity of the moment. The figure is perfect; the head sharply marked—a successful mixture of master and bondsman, of thought and frivolity; a man who, like the victim, fears of death. The Knight, who bears the Bavarian banner, is a faithful picture of the reckless, wine-loving, and war-trained feudal nobility of the middle ages. Lessing has thrown a slight expression of ennui into his features, indicative of the mortification he feels, at being compelled to witness, in company with the Duke, an execution in the service of the clergy. The fourth figure of the group, only partly visible, discloses by his dark features and red hat, the Italian cardinal. He is the experienced man of the world, who takes no more interest in the scene than his own importance renders necessary: sufficient to enable him to render, as a witness, some reports of the execution. He is represented with a sharp, energetic physiognomy, without the least expression of even momentary excitement, for he has been trained to conceal every emotion.

Lastly, the Franciscan friar, with his antiquated eye-glasses, a zealous servant of the church. His eyes are weak with much study, and he cannot trust them while viewing the arch-heretic kneeling at his prayers with the calm air of innocence, unshaken by his approaching martyrdom. The expression of uncertainty and doubt in the appearance of this monk is evident and striking.

As a most necessary connecting link between the party described and the group on the left, we consider the kneeling girl in the foreground. Though she turns her back to us, the attitude convinces us of the fervor of her prayers, in pious sympathy with a fellow-creature, who is about to die. Next to her we perceive a Bohemian Knight, bending forward with clasped hands. He is a friend and adherent of the martyr, by whose doctrines he has been converted to a better faith. To God he directs his prayers, and his vigorous form leads us to suppose that he is one of those who struggled, unsuccessfully, against the arrest of the martyr.

The two men on the hillock, the first with the fine head, frank and spirited

eyes, and blond moustaches, and the other with the thick, black head of hair, and the knotty club under his arm, are Bohemians. But they represent more than that; for by placing these outwardly-contrasting figures together, the artist has intimated the consequences of the catastrophe enacted before their eyes. We are to consider them as the representatives of the Hussites who, in after years, waged a terrible civil war in Bohemia. The younger one personifies the peaceful Calixtines; the other, whose fiery and revengeful eyes are bent upon the scene, the wild Tuborites, who, by their ungovernable fanaticisms and horrible outrages disgraced the cause of the Hussites. These two figures especially belong to history.

Let us turn to the other spectators, and see what feelings may be read in their various countenances. The Trinitarian monk in the foreground, with his strong frame enveloped in the white cowl and brown loose garment, seems to inquire into the feelings of the martyr, and to be familiar with the awful sight of death at the stake; yet a certain interest for Huss, is evident in the workings of his features. The busy citizen of Constance, in front of him, has come obviously to witness a spectacle; but already there arises in his heart a feeling of compassion for the noble victim; and, as he clasps his hands, an inaudible prayer escapes his lips. But his neighbor, the young woman with the slender figure, wins our admiration by the charm of her sympathy and heartfelt compassion for the reformer. Her eyes betray the feelings of her soul; and she inwardly exclaims, "O, would that I could save him!" Behind her we see an old female, who stares at Huss with an expression of vulgar admiration. A prominent figure in this left group is yet the Augustine monk. His down cast eyes and dejected attitude, his hands lightly clasped upon his breast, are all simply yet clearly and truthfully expressive. In short, thus we are constantly called upon to admire Lessing's rare psychological conceptions, and his powerful delineation of characteristics; and it is an ever increasing pleasure to study and follow him in his imaginative flight. There can be nothing more pleasing than the genuine expression of the girl's head with blond hair, on the verge of the canvass.

The executioners, considering the difficulty which the painter must have experienced in their representation, are rendered with an effect so masterly that every contemplator will be struck by it, without being hurt in his æsthetic sensibility; and this could not have been avoided if the burning act itself had been made the subject of the picture, on the technical merits of which we will yet add a few words.

First, as regards the perspective, the whole distance as presented to our view is so skillfully managed, that we could almost venture to define its area by feet and inches. Then, the drawing is so perfect, that even without the magic aid of color it would appear bold and well defined, free yet precise. In the draperies, and in fact in all the accessories, Lessing has developed the same excellence as in the groupings of the figures; and what can be more felicitous than the masterly distribution of light and shade over the whole picture? All is so life-like and so much in accordance with the spirit of the age, that, notwithstanding the lapse of time, we feel ourselves the actual witnesses of the scene. It would have been an

easy task for Lessing to have surprised and dazzled us with theatrical effects; but he is too great an historical artist to sacrifice truth and simplicity to mere show.

So much for "Lessing's Martyrdom of Huss." The Dusseldorf Gallery offers us, also, opportunities of contemplating the artist in his excellence as a landscape painter.

2. A Fruit Piece, *Preyer.*

Preyer stands preeminent among modern European artists for the beauty and *vraisemblance* of his fruit and flower pieces; and this painting justifies his reputation.

3. Landscape, *Lessing.*

The merits of Lessing's landscapes are scarcely second to those of his great historical pictures; and this is one of his gems.

4. Torquato Tasso Reading his Poem, "Jerusalem delivered," before the Court of Alphonso II., Duke of Ferrara, *Bewer.*

The principal persons in this painting besides Tasso and the Duke, are, behind the latter, his minister, Antonio; on the Duke's left, his two sisters, Lucretia and Leonora—the one sitting and the other standing behind her, leaning on her chair; and Cardinal Este, the brother of the Duke. The painting is one of the first efforts of this artist.

5. The Poor Weavers of Silesia and their Employers, *Hubner.*

This is an expressive picture. The principal employer has the appearance of a hard task-master, and his aspect of displeasure at some real or fancied fault of his employees, is in fine contrast with their sad and downcast faces.

6. The Fairies, *Steinbruck.*

The subject of this delightful picture, which has few if any superiors of its class, in the whole range of modern art, is taken from a German Poem, called "The Fairies." by L. Tieck. The expression of innocence and pleased surprise in the face and attitude of the girl as the supernatural beings gambol around her, is admirable.

"*The Fairies*," by the artist of the Magi, (says the *Courier & Enquirer*) is a work of equal excellence in another and a lighter vein, and one which will awaken quicker and wider admiration. It is a charming piece of fancy, and as chaste as it is charming. We cannot help mentally contrasting it with what it would have been, under French treatment. The water through which these elves —they are not children or child-like, or intended so to be—push the delighted and bewildered girl, is beautifully limpid; we have never seen painted drops so transparent and mobile as those which stream from the lip of the brimming conch which one of the little imps heaves up.

The attitude of the one pushing, and the pensive air of the one sitting abstracted in the bow of the shell, are triumphs each in their way. So are the broad leaves, on one of which a rollicking little sprite has cast himself at full length.

7. Norwegian Scenery, with Glaciers, *Andr. Achenbach.*

Achenbach's "Norwegian Scenery, with Glaciers," is full of poetry, and as full of fine painting. The mist, the lonely firs, and the settling flock of waterfowl, whose screaming one might be excused for listening for, are alike evidences of the painter's imagination and skill. The "Dutch Sea-Shore," by the same artist, is an admirable water-piece, one of the gustiest things we ever saw on canvas; but in power it is second to the "Storm on the Coast of Sicily," in which Achenbach has shown great daring, and that he has a right to dare. The picture is a mere contest of wind and water below, and of wind and clouds above; the skurrying vapor and driving spray being made prismatic by the almost horizontal rays of the sun. The management of the clouds near the sun, is both truthful and skillful.—*Courier & Enquirer.*

8. The City Hall of Ghent, Inauguration of a Burgomaster in the time of the Spaniards, *Pulian.*

This artist is eminent for architectural paintings, and in that line has probably no equal in Europe. The figures are by Carl Clasen. Nothing can be finer of their kind than the perspective of this picture and its drawing and coloring.

9. Tyroleans at a Well with Cattle, *Canton.*

A pleasing and picturesque subject agreeably treated.

10. King Lear, *Hildebrandt.*

This fine picture is by the same artist who painted "Othello and Desdemona," one of the best paintings in the exhibition. The subject is taken from the German translation of Shakspeare's King Lear, by Schlegel and Tieck, Act IV. Scene 7th, in which the King says to Cordelia:

> "You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave;
> Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound upon a wheel of fire,
> That mine own tears do scald like moulten lead."

The artist's aim has been to represent the filial love of Cordelia, who, although disinherited and disowned by her father, clings to him—whereas his daughters Generil and Regan, upon whom he bestowed his blessing, have driven him to despair and madness. Upon the King's waking up from one of his fits, Cordelia speaks to him full of love and humility, and he looks upon her as a spirit from the other world. King Lear starting up in great trepidation, stretches his right hand towards Cordelia, as if hesitating to touch her, whilst his left is pressed convulsively upon his heart. Cordelia bends down towards him with compressed

hands. Behind the King's chair his Physician seems to observe with great care his condition. These three figures in full light, constitute the chief attraction of the picture. At some little distance from Cordelia stands the faithful Earl of Kent, in the habit of a servitor and messenger; he rests both his hands upon his battle-axe, and unconsciously crumpling his barrett, looks anxiously at the scene before him.

The back-ground is a rich canopy, and the view from the tent opens upon the French camp.

11. The Police Hour, *Hasenclever.*

Although not a master-piece of the artist, there is a good deal of force and character in this painting.

12. The Loving Mother, *Eybe.*

A natural and pleasing little picture.

13. Life in the Cellar, *Hasenclever.*

A capital painting in the humorous style of this clever artist. The party in the cellar are all more or less "how-come-you-so," and the various expressions of ebriety, are admirably depicted. "Life in the Cellar," is scarcely equal to the "Wine Testers," another painting of a similar type by the same artist; but it is nevertheless a gem.

14. Storm in Autumn, with a Stag-Hunt, *Lange.*

"A Storm in Autumn, with a Stag-Hunt," by Lange, is a very successful and pleasing picture. The artist has conveyed the impression of a hot, damp wind, with the happiest effect. The low, thin clouds are well painted, and in good keeping with the subject.—*Cour. and Enq.*

15. Falstaff Mustering his Recruits, *Schrodter.*

Taken from Shakspeare's Henry IV. Schrodter's talent stands preeminent, and this Falstaff is considered to be his masterpiece.

One of the most charming works in the Gallery is "*Falstaff Mustering his Recruits,*" by Schrodter. In color we consider it undoubtedly the best figure-piece here; it has equal merit in *chiaroscuro,* and is full of the exquisite humor of the scene. The fat knight's swaggering attitude, and impudent expression, the character given to the "woman's tailor," who needs not scissors to tell his trade, the management of the light in the recess behind Falstaff, and the introduction of the little page with the sword, appear to us the fine points in the work, which is one of admirable keeping and rare completeness.—*Cour. and Enq.*

16. Tyroleans Travelling, *Canton.*

A companion picture to "Tyroleans at the Well," by the same hand.

17. The Festival of Song at the Castle of Wartburg, the year 1207, by *Bewer.*

A romantic subject very finely treated. Landgrave Herman, of Thuringia, and his wife Mathilde, gave in the year 1207, at their residence, the castle of Wartburg, a festival called "The Contest of Minnesingers, or Love Singers," in which the most renowned singers of the time took part. The historical persons in the picture, under the Baldachin, are the Landgrave Herman and his wife, who observes, with interest, the knight who sings, and who is called Henry von Ofterdingen. He sings of love, and obtains the prize through the favor of the princess and the influence of his Hungarian friend Klingsohr, who as umpire, occupies the place next the Landgrave. On the right of Ofterdingen sits old Reimar von Zwetern, who has sung a heroic song in honor of Richard Cœur de Lion, and whose neighbor is the passionate Wolfram von Eschendach, the Swiss, who has sung the merry songs of his country. Behind Henry von Ofterdingen sits, on the lelt, Henry von Risbach, called the virtuous, and who has sung pious songs. Above him leans on his harp, Johnnes von Bitterolf, renowned as an elegant orator and singer, and at his side the group of singers closes with Walter von der Vogelweide, who sings lyric songs full of sensibility. All these singers listen with attention to the song of Henry von Ofterdingen. At the feet of the Princess Mathilde, sits her page, holding a laurel wreath as prize, and at the side of Landgrave Herman, his page holds sword and shield. Behold the Baldachin is the court jester, who, in his way, comments upon some of the courtiers. The rest of the persons in the picture are ladies, knights, and pages belonging to the castle.

18. Departure of the Student for the University,
19. The Student's Examination at the University, } *Hasenclever.*
20. His Return Home,

Hasenclever laid the foundation of his fame by the production of these three pictures. They are remarkable for keen satire and nice discrimination of character. They are intended as illustrations of a popular German poem called "The Jobsiade," a sort of pasquinade in verse, caricaturing the career of a German student, and ridiculing the system of education at German universities sixty years ago. No. 19 is the sketch of a larger picture, containing more figures, which has obtained a European reputation. It has been engraved, and the price of impressions is usually low, considering the number of figures in the plate. Subscriptions are received at the exhibition room.

The title-page of the Jobsiade reads as follows:

"THE LIFE, OPINIONS, ACTIONS, AND FATE OF
HIERONIMUS JOBS:
THE CANDIDATE.

"And how he whilome won great renown,
And died as night-watch in Schildeburg town,

"Adorned throughout with woodcuts numerous,
Finely wrought and very humorous:
A faithful history, neat and terse,
Writ in new-fashion doggerel verse."

The subjoined translations by the Rev. T. C. Brooks, of the 14th and 15th chapters of the work, will serve, to some extent, as a key to the humorous features of the pictures. Hieronimus, the student, thus addresses, by letter, his respected progenitors:

Dear and Honored Parents,
I lately
Have suffered for want of money greatly;
Have the goodness, therefore, to send without fail
A trifle or two by return of mail.

I want about twenty or thirty ducats;
For I have not at present a cent in my pockets;
Things are so tight with us this way,
Send me the money at once, I pray.

And everything is growing higher,
Lodging and washing, and lights and fire,
And incidental expenses every day—
Send me the ducats without delay.

You can hardly conceive the enormous expenses
The college imposes on all pretences,
For text-books and lectures so much to pay—
I wish the ducats were on their way!

I devote to my studies unremitting attention—
One thing I must not forget to mention:
The thirty ducats—pray send them straight,
For my purse is in a beggarly state.

Boots and shoes, and stockings and breeches,
Tailoring, washing, and extra stitches,
Pen, ink, and paper, are all so dear!
I wish the thirty ducats were here!

The money—I trust you will speedily send it!)
I promise faithfully to spend it;
Yes, dear parents, you need never fear,
I live very strictly and frugally here.

When other students revel and riot,
I steal away into perfect quiet,
I shut myself up with my books and light,
In my study-chamber till late at night.

Beyond the needful supply of my table,
I spare, dear parents, all I am able;
Take tea but rarely, and nothing more,
For spending money afflicts me sore.

Other students, who'd fain be called *mellow*,
Set me down for a niggardly fellow,
And say: there goes the dig,* just look!
How like a parson he eyes his book!

* See "College Words and Customs."

With jibes and jokes they daily beset me,
But none of these things do I suffer to fret me ;
I smile at all they can do or say—
Don't forget the ducats, I pray!

Ten hours each day I spend at the college,
Drinking at the fount of knowledge,
And when the Lectures come to an end,
The rest in private study I spend.

The Professors express great gratifaction,
Only they hope I will use moderation,
And not wear out in my studiis,
Pholosophicis and theologicis.

It would savor, dear parents, of self-laudation,
To enter on an enumeration
Of all my studies—in brief, there is none
More exemplary than your dear son.

My head seems ready to burst asunder,
Sometimes, with its learned load, and I wonder
Where so much knowledge is packed away :
(Apropos! don't forget the ducats, I pray!)

Yes, dear parents, my devotion to study
Consumes the best strength of mind and body,
And generally the night is spent
In meditation deep and intent.

In the pulpit soon I shall take my station,
And try my hand at the preacher's vocation,
Likewise I dispute in the college hall
On learned subjects with one and all.

But don't forget to send me the ducats,
For I long so much to replenish my pockets ;
The money, one day, shall be returned
In the shape of a son right wise and learned.

Then my *Privatissimum**—(I've been thinking on it
For a long time—and in fact begun it)—
Will cost me twenty rix dollars more.
Please send with the ducats I mentioned before.

I also, dear parents, inform you sadly,
I have torn my coat of late very badly;
So please inclose with the rest in your note,
Twelve dollars to purchase a new coat.

New boots are also necessary;
Likewise my night-gown is ragged, very;
My hat and pantaloons, too, alas!
And the rest of my clothes, are going to grass.

*A very private lesson.

Now, as all these things are needed greatly,
Please inclose me four louis d'ors separately,
  Which, joined to the rest, perhaps will be
  Enough for the present emergency.

My recent sickness you may not have heard of:
In fact, for some time, my life was despaired of.
  But I haste to assure you, on my word,
  That now my health is nearly restored.

The Medicus, for services rendered,
A bill of eighteen guilders has tendered,
  And then the Apothecary's will be,
  In round numbers, about twenty-three.

Now that Physician and Apothecary
May get their dues, it is necessary
  These forty-one guilders be added to the rest;
  But, as to my health, don't be distressed.

The Nurse would also have some compensation,
Who attended me in my critical situation,
  I therefore think it would be best
  To inclose seven guilders for her with the rest.

For citrons, jellies, and things of that nature,
To sustain and strengthen the feeble creature,
  The Confectioner, too, has a small account,
  Eight guilders is about the amount.

These various items—of which I've made mention,
Demand immediate attention,
  For order, to me, is very dear,
  And I carefully from debts keep clear.

I also rely on your kind attention,
To forward the ducats of which I made mention,
  So soon as it can possibly be.
  One more small item occurs to me!—

Two weeks ago I unluckily stumbled,
And down the whole length of the stairway tumbled,
  As in at the college door I went,
  Whereby my right arm almost double was bent.

The Chirurgus who attended on the occasion,
For his balsams, plasters, and preparation
  Of spiritus, and other things needless to name,
  Charges twelve dollars; please forward the same.

But, that your minds may be acquiescent,
I am, thank God, now convalescent;
  Both shoulder and skin are in a very good way,
  And I go to lecture every day.

My stomach is still in a feeble condition,
A circumstance owing, so thinks the physician,
To sitting so much when I read and write,
And studying so long and so late at night.

He, therefore, earnestly advises
Burgundy wine, with nutmeg and spices;
And every morning, instead of tea,
For the stomach's sake to drink sangaree.

Please send, agreeably to these advices,
Two pistoles for the wine and spices;
And be sure, dear parents, I only take
Such things as these for the stomach's sake.

Finally, a few small debts, amounting
To thirty or forty guilders (loose counting),
Be pleased, in your letter, without fail,
Dear parents, to inclose this bagatelle.

And could you, for sundries, send me twenty
Or a dozen louis d'ors (that would be plenty),
'Twould be a kindness seasonably done,
And very acceptable to your son.

This letter, dear parents, comes hoping to find you
In usual health—I beg to remind you
How much I am for money perplexed.
Please, therefore, to remit in your next.

Herewith I close my letter, repeating
To you and all my friendly greeting,
And subscribe myself, without further fuss,
Your obedient servant,
HIERONYMUS.

I add, in a Postscript, what I neglected
To say, beloved and highly respected
Parents, I beg most filially,
That you'll forward the money as soon as may be.

For I had, dear father (I say it weeping),
Fourteen French crowns laid by in safe keeping
(As I thought) for a day of need—but the whole
An anonymous person yesterday stole.

I know you'll make good, without asking, each shilling
Your innocent son has lost by this villain;
For a man so considerate must be aware
That I such a loss can nowise bear.

Meanwhile, I'll take care that, to-day or to-morrow,
Mister Anonymous shall, to his sorrow
And your satisfaction, receive the reward
Of his graceless trick with the hempen cord.

Senator Jobs, the *pater* of Hieronymus, vouchsafes a reply; and the following is a translation of chapter xv. of the Jobsiade, in which his views are freely expressed:

Old Senator Jobs's answer (verbatim,
Liberatim, atque punctatim),
In form and manner as follows would run:—
Dearly beloved and hopeful son!

I am very happy to see by thy letter,
That thy health and prospects are daily better.
Nevertheless it causes me pain,
That thou makest mention of money again.

It is scarce three months, O rarest of scholars!
Since I sent thee a hundred and fifty dollars!
And I wonder, my son, thou considerest not
Where in the world so much cash can be got!

I also learn, with lively satisfaction,
That thou findest in study such great attraction,
But it is with the highest concern I see
That thou askest thirty ducats of me.

Allow me, my son, the observation,
That, on the most liberal computation,
A university residence
Cannot be, with frugality, such an expense.

Most truly thou art right in saying
That lectures and books are not had without paying,
But it must take a great many to come
To such an enormous, unheard-of sum.

For lodging and washing and lights and fire,
One cannot possibly require
So much, and for paper and pens and ink,
A very few pence would suffice, I should think.

I also perceive, with gratification,
That thou keepest thyself from the contamination
Of evil companions, especially by night,
That thy books and thy chamber are all thy delight.

Likewise I am greatly pleased with thy drinking
Nothing but tea; but I can't help thinking,—
To one who pores over his books and drinks tea,
What use can these thirty ducats be?

That other students for a niggard abuse thee,
May very properly amuse thee,
For he who spends all that thou hast figured,
Deserves to be called any thing but a niggard.

Let me advise thee to continue the attention
To thy books and studies of which thou mak'st mention,
That thy precious time and thy money, both,
May be wisely spent, and not wasted in sloth.

But mind, my son, the advice of the physician,
And beware even of a *laudable* ambition,
For alas! too often we find it a rule
That the greatest scholar's the greatest fool.

Thy purpose of preaching deserves commendation,
Be diligent, therefore, in thy preparation,
But from much disputation, when all is done,
Precious little wisdom comes out, my son.

The use of a *Privatissimum* I can't conjecture,
When one is already ten hours at lecture;
And I comprehend it the less, as you say
There are twenty rix dollars to pay.

But I waive all further commentary;
For the money thou findest necessary
In pursuing thy studies I gladly allow,
And though it were three times as much as now.

According to thy story (and no doubt it's a true one),
Thou hast torn thy coat, and of course must have a new one;
Nevertheless the cloth must be superfine,
To cost twelve dollars or even nine.

But he that will study to be a pastor,
Should not think to dress so much better than his master,
Therefore a somewhat coarser stuff
Would make thee a coat quite good enough.

For other articles of wearing apparel
Thou demandest four louis d'ors; with that I shan't quarrel,
When night-gown, hat, and trowsers wear out,
New ones are necessary without doubt.

But if I must make, for all this raiment,
And so forth, special and separate payment,
What shall become, Hieronymus dear,
Of the thirty ducats, to me is not clear.

I received with much feeling the information
Of thy recent critical situation;
But to tamper with physic to such an extent,
I must say, my son, is money misspent.

For I scarce ever knew of the rule's failing,
With young folks especially, that when one is ailing,
Nature does better, when left to herself,
Than the best mixture on the apothecary's shelf.

The expense of the doctor and his preparation
Seem to me little less than an abomination;
And I very seriously question
Whether an apothecary or a doctor can be a Christian.

And then the confectioner's bill of eight guilders—
My son, my son! it almost bewilders
Thy father's brain!—if thou hadst been wise.
A dollar at most would now suffice.

For citrons, comfits, and things of that nature,
Administer no strength to the feeble creature;
But oatmeal gruel and barley drinks,
Are better, far, for the sick, methinks.

To fall down stairs is highly injurious,
See to it next time thou art not so furious
To get thy studies, but take more care;
For it costs a great deal such damage to repair.

Thy surgeon has taken thee in completely,
For our town-barber, who works so neatly,
Will, for twelve dollars, I'm told, restore
A broken leg as whole as before.

But I'm happy to hear of thy restoration,
For when the parson is in his peroration,
His arm must be in a flexible state,
That so he may pound and gesticulate.

I must further lament thy stomach's weakness
Occasioned by thy recent sickness;
My stomach, I'm sorry to say is feeble
From sitting so much at the council table.

Nevertheless my earnest advice is,—
Abstain from Burgundy wine and spices;
A bit of flag-root now and then
Will help thy stomach as much again.

Thou mentionest "some small debts, amounting
To thirty or forty guilders (loose counting);"
I've thought and thought and racked my brain
To guess what debts those can be, but in vain.

Thou hast given already in specification,
Item by item (outside calculation),
And forty guilders, thou knowest full well
Upon my soul are no "bagatelle!"

And finally thou needest (for such thy pretence is),
A dozen pistoles for thy general expenses:
No doubt it were very agreeable to thee,
But to me inconvenient in the highest degree.

For as to any unexpected urgency
Those thirty *ducats* will meet the emergency,
  These last dozen louis d'ors seem to me,
  In that view, a mere superfluity.

And as to the stolen crowns! thy suggestion,
In point of delicacy admits of a question;
  For truly the reparation were sorer to me
  Than the alleged robbery is to thee.

But from this disagreeable subject to pass on,
Thy proposal to string the thief up sans façon
  Is by no means a Christian sentiment,
  Mr. Anonymous may one day repent.

Besides, 'tis a matter of congratulation
In these our days of illumination,
  I say it confidentially in thy ear,
  Holy justice has grown less severe.

No one who chances a drawer to rifle,
Need mount the double ladder for such a trifle;
  At least in our wise Schildberg, they say,
  Far greater rogues go clear every day.

When thou in future hast money in keeping,
I advise thee to guard it with vigilance unsleeping;
  For nothing is so universal a subject of speculation
  As money deposited for preservation.

I and thy mother understand the thing better,
Learn wisdom therefore, from this present letter;
  We always lock our cash up tight,
  And anxiously watch it by day and night.

But to appease thy present desire,
And supply what immediate wants require,
  Be pleased hereby the moneys to find,
  In a sealed linen bag, each separate kind.

Nevertheless, I must hint to thee, Hieronymus,
That the times we live in are rather ominous,
  And it costs me many an anxious thought,
  Where so much money can ever be got.

There's a very small trifle of business doing,
Folks are so poor—scarce anything brewing
  In the honorable Council; and so
  My incomes, you see, are very low.

I shall, therefore, look forward with pleased expectation,
To the day of thy final graduation,
  Especially as, by this time, without doubt,
  Thou hast in every branch learned out.

For if thou should'st longer stay and study.
As diligently and *dearly* as thou has already,
I shall grow as poor as Job was once,
Utterly unable to raise any more funds.

We all desire to welcome, greatly,
Our learned son in a style right stately;
Especially thy mother with joy
Looks forward to the return of her boy.

I wish I had some news to write you,
But things are mostly in quo situ;
I go as usual early and late,
To the Council-room to deliberate.

There we have had in consideration,
In pleno, many an alteration,
Whereby our police affairs may be
Administered judiciously.

Thy mother's teeth have troubled her greatly;
But a distinguished surgeon, lately,
From foreign parts, came along one day,
And took the troublesome teeth away.

A person is paying attention to your sister
Gertrude, his name and title is Mister
Procurator Geier: 'tis well under way;
And Trudy grows taller every day.

Our old parson is always ailing,
They think his health is decidedly failing;
If this excellent man should be taken away,
Thou mightest be our parson one day.

Our wealthy neighbor's daughter Betty
Sends hearty greetings—the girl is pretty—
And neat and tidy, and would be
A nice little parson's wife for thee.

Thy brothers and sisters all send their greeting,
In the joyful hope of a speedy meeting;
They are glad to hear of thy health and success;
And with wishes for thy happiness,
I remain,
Thy father (in course of natur),
Hans Jobs pro tempore Senator,
P. S. Write again at an early day,
But spare thy allusions to money, I pray.

21. Luther, during his sojourn at Castle Wartburg, throwing his inkstand at Satan, *Grashof.*

A small picture, but a good specimen of the graphic style of this artist.

22. Norwegian Scenery with Bears, *Gude.*

This painting represents "Norwegian Scenery, with the Bears after Nature." The eye looks up a torrent forming a succession of waterfalls, to a mountain of considerable elevation that rises in the back-ground. Heathery plants and stunted fir trees show the soil and climate—nor is the rocky scene one of particularly striking character. But the treatment is masterly. The aerial perspective; the vapor from the falling water; the quiet tone of the foreground; the sense of solitude befitting the scene, despite Bruin; and a pathway running upwards by the stream —here is a combination of excellence that makes up a very perfect picture.

As for the Bears, they are in the catalogue, and they are in the picture; but they figure less conspicuously in the latter than in the former, not sitting palpably for their portraits, but regularly toned in—one sucking his paws, the other eyeing his shadow on the path, and both mere sketches—so that without the hint you might almost stumble over them. This admirable work of art is of large cabinet size. We trust no one will hurry past it.—*N. Y. Albion.*

23. The Artists of Dusseldorf, *Boser.*

The portraits are well executed, and faithful likenesses. The landscape portion of the picture is by Lessing. A companion to this picture (same subject) hangs in another part of the gallery.

24 & 25. Two Small Landscapes. *Scheuren.*

26. Othello and Desdemona, *Hildebrandt.*

Conspicuous among the best paintings of the Exhibition, this picture will attract universal attention. It was painted for the King of Prussia, and the artist took it to Berlin for delivery, when the revolution broke out, and he returned to Dusseldorf, without placing it before His Majesty. Hildebrandt, in conformity with the German idea that Othello was an Ethiop, has made "the jealous *Moor*" a negro, and by no means a pleasing specimen of the race. But for this defect, the picture would be almost faultless. The following critical remarks on the painting are from the *Courier & Enquirer:*

Hildebrandt's *Othello* and *Desdemona* seems to us one of the most fascinating of modern pictures, and without exception the most painful. To see such a love as Hildebrandt has painted in Desdemona's eyes, given to a negro, by a woman not of his own race, and such a woman too, is surely enough to convert any one to Calhounism. And this reminds us that Shakspeare nowhere calls Othello an Ethiopian, neither does he apply the term to Aaron in the horrible Titus Andronicus; but both he continually speaks of as Moors; and he has used the word elsewhere, and certainly had use for it as a reproach in the mouth of Iago, it seems to us that he must have been fully aware of the distinction between the two races. Indeed, we could never see the least reason for supposing that Shakspeare intended Othello to be represented as a negro. With the negroes, the Venetians had noth-

ing to do that we know of, and could not have, in the natural course of things; whereas, with their neighbors, the Moors, they were brought in continual contact. These were a warlike, civilized, and enterprising race, who could furnish an Othello; whereas the contrary has been the condition of the negroes. We are aware that John Quincy Adams endeavored to prove that Othello was a negro, and that Retzch has made him so in his outlines; but to us, the ex-president seems to reason with less than his usual acumen, and the great draughtsman to fail in embodying Shakspeare's noble captain.

The artist's conception of Desdemona, though not exactly our own, we admire.

It has been said that Desdemona is too magnificent, too stately, in this picture, for her whom the "house affairs" would draw from the company of her father and Othello. Surely this objection is found on a misconception. Desdemona's house affairs were not affairs of pots and pans. In those times, the loftiest ladies, saving queens, overlooked the house affairs; and Desdemona was the mistress of her father's household; for, as we have before remarked, her mother was dead, and with the household of a man of his degree, she would find quite enough in its superintendence to occupy her, without being called upon to soil the tips of her fingers, or hold up the train of her robe. Desdemona too magnificent! She who was the daughter of a Venetian magnifico, a Senator! who had the wife of a man of Iago's rank for her waiting woman! a noble lady of that queenly city, of which Byron says,

> "Her daughters had their dowers
> From spoils of nature; and the exhaustless East
> Poured into her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
> In purple she was robed; and of her feast
> Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity increased!

How could a painter make such a woman other than magnificent!

The drawing of this picture is excellent, and shows great study of the model. The light too, is beautifully managed. What can be finer than its effect upon the shoulder of Desdemona, on the beard of Brabantio, or the translucent ruddiness it lends his ear! The head of Brabantio is a noble one, and finely moddled; the draperies and jewels are fine, but we hardly notice them with two such heads in the picture as those of Desdemona and her father; and the gaping wonder of the little page who bears away the wine, is a happy stroke of Nature.

27. The Bride Adorning Herself, *Boser.*

A prettily conceived and attractive painting.

28. Still Life, *Lehnen.*

Lehnen died in the summer of 1850, after having acquired a high reputation for this class of subjects.

29. The Puritan and his Daughter. *Leutze.*

The wrath of the old puritan at discovering his daughter worshiping before an image of the Virgin, is well expressed.

30. Norwegian Landscape, *Gude.*

31. Artists of Dusseldorf. *Boser.*

Companion to No. 23, by the same artist.

32. The Holy Child, *Andreas Muller.*

A gem, although in point of size almost a miniature.

33. The Wood-Stealer, *Hubner.*

34. The Two Knights, *Grashof.*

35 and 36. Two Cattle Pieces, *Simmler.*

The landscapes of these pictures are by Andr. Achenbach.

37. Diana and her Nymphs, *Sohn.*

This great work of art, which has been standing for the last seven years unfinished in the artist's studio, is now at last completed. The composition contains five figures, of the size of life. Diana, or (as this episode appertains to Greek mythology) more properly Artemis, the Goddess of the Chase, stands in the midst of four of her nymphs, by the side of a sequestered brook in the forest where they are bathing, when a rustling betrays an intruder. Artemis turns indignantly towards the sound; and, with her right arm stretched forward, she pronounces her curse upon the hunter Actæon, changing him into a stag, which afterwards causes his death by his own hounds.

In Sohn's picture, Actæon is not visible; but this only adds to its beauty, from which his presence would have detracted, it being quite sufficient that we observe the effect and understand the cause without difficulty. In short, the picture is complete as it is; and nothing could have been added without injuring it as a whole. In Diana's figure beauty and chastity are happily blended. Among her surrounding nymphs, a blonde on her right is extremely fine. She endeavors to hide herself; while another, a brunette, strives to screen herself behind the goddess. Nothing can be finer than the flesh colors in this painting. The third figure turns her back upon the spectator, and is adjusting her robe. The fourth figure stands yet near the fountain. Seldom has a more beautiful group been painted,—so rounded and finished in all its lines, and yet so natural and full of modest grace. There is, moreover, an exquisite charm in the contrast and diversity of these five beauties; and in the technical perfection of the picture, Sohn fully justifies and sustains his reputation. The landscape, also, is finely composed and painted. Greek mythology has, as known, a fixed place for the scene which has been represented. In Bœotia, not far from the Citharon, between Platæa and Megara, was situated a fountain called "Actæon's Fountain." Olives and laurels bloom around it; and through the dark foliage the deep blue sky is seen.

38. The Pious Singing Virgins, *Kohler.*

39. Same subject as No. 26, on smaller scale, *Hildebrandt.*

40. Too Late for the Mail Coach, *Sonderland.*

The artist has cleverly portrayed the perplexing predicament of a family who have just missed the stage by a furlong or so.

41. A Donkey and Sheep, *Osterhutt.*

42. Rudolph of Hapsburg doing homage to a Priest carrying the Sacrament, *Carl Clasen.*

The subject of the picture is a passage in Schiller's poem, "Rudolph of Hapsburg."

43. Entrance of Columbus into Barcelona, after his Discovery of America, *Pluddemann.*

A well-executed *spectacle* picture. The figure of Columbus is very fine.

41. The Adoration of the Magi, *Steinbruck.*

This painting has obtained a great reputation in Europe, and has been adjudged to be, in many respects, superior to Correggio's celebrated "Holy Night," in the Dresden Gallery. The diffusion of light from the Holy Child is not only a beautiful, but a wonderful effect.

"The picture of the highest aim here—"*The Adoration of the Magi*," by Steinbruck—has the merit of being in conception and execution worthy of its subject, and to say this is to say much. Too often do we see a sacred subject painfully profaned by the extravagance or imbecility of the artist, and even in the works of some of the great ones of the past, the imposing influence of a grand conception is not unfrequently weakened by the obtrusion of ludicrous anachronisms and degrading triviality. Indeed, with numbers who are not accustomed or may not be able to separate the essentials of a picture from its accidents, the faults are fatal to many noble works, and are the causes, perhaps, of not a few of the sneers leveled at the admirers of the "old masters." But from similar errors all can now be free, though not possessing the genius which made those errors tolerable. The composition of Steinbruck's *Adoration*, its general purity and solemnity of tone, and its admirable management of light and shadow, raise it to a high eminence in the lofty range of art to which it aspires. The group which still, in the clear darkness of the night, points to the star above the stable, the figure of Joseph half in a shadow and half in light, the girl who, leaning from the outside on a beam, bends her face in till it is bathed in the holy light, the hesitating steps of the blind shepherd, and the heavenly expression of countenance in the attendant angels, are some of the fine points in the picture."—*Cour. and Enq.*

45. The Reaper's Return Home, *Becker.*

Few paintings in the exhibition have won more admiration than this. Becker stands in the first rank of German artists. Referring to this *chef d'œuvre*, a New York journal says, "Who has not been touched by contemplating these Reapers! Becker has painted here a beautiful idyl, thoroughly German, and yet so full of natural feeling, so expressive of simple happiness and heartfelt content, that it will win sympathy—and that is more than admiration—in every country and from all healthy minds. The case of all the figures here, their motion, their well poised attitudes, particularly that of the man snapping his finger at the child, the warm sunny light which falls upon the group from behind, gilding the folds of the homely drapery,—are worthy of all admiration.

46. The Happy Old Couple, *Jordan.*

A pleasing, quiet scene. The husband has been reading the Bible, and awakens his wife, who has fallen asleep.

47. The Young Married Couple, *Hubner.*

The youthful faces in this picture are full of hope and happiness.

48. The Cid and his Sons, *Grashof.*

The reader of Spanish history, familiar with the contentions, which raged among the petty kingdoms of Spain, during the tenth century, will not be at a loss to understand the painting, "Cid and his Sons." Roderigo, the great Cid, was an independent lord—a warrior and champion by profession, and made it his business to decide the quarrels of princes, or to volunteer his service, and that of his vassals and attendants, on occasions of warfare and strife between rival houses.

He was one of the most distinguished and valiant Knight-Errants of his time, and the artist represents him in the act of testing the strength and manliness of his sons, by binding their hands and announcing that the one who will first break the cords, shall be the rewarded by his sword, and he who succeeds in obtaining it, must maintain it in honor, or perish in the attempt.

49. The Settled Lawsuit; or, a Wine-growing Peasant and his Pettifogging Lawyer, *Hubner.*

The Pettifogger is a model of his tribe.

50. A Head, *Rembrandt.*

This is a very fine picture, and an undoubted original.

51. Interior of an Italian Church, *Guerard.*

52. The Battle of Ascalon, A. D. 1099, *Camphausen.*

Godfrey of Bouillon conquers the Saracens under the battle-cry, "God wills it" (Deus lo volt). Near him are the banners of the Holy Cross and of Jerusalem;

and he is followed by the Archbishop, carrying the Holy Lance. In the foreground on the left is seen old Raymond of Toulouse, and on the right Tancred of Tarentum, in combat with Ethiopian footsoldiers.

53. Magdalena, *Deger.*

54. A Landscape representing a Ferryboat on the Rhine, near Dusseldorf, *Sonderland.*

A remarkably characteristic and effective picture. It has been lithographed.

55. The Cid and his Sons (same as 48, except in size), *Grashof.*

56. A Serenade in Venice, *Wodick.*

57. The Old Beau, *Knaus.*

58. Landscape, with Architecture, *Pulian.*

59. Italian Scenery, *Lorenz Clasen.*

60. Landscape, from Original Scenery near Dresden, *Pulian.*

61. Return from the Chase, *Schulten.*

62. Vase, Fruit, and Flowers, *Van Oss.*

63. Landscape, *Castiane.*

64. The Lute Player, *Miss Bauman.*

65. Norwegian Mountain Cottage, with Castle, *Gude.*

Picturesque and beautiful.

66. African Scenery, *Jacobs.*

67. Tiger Hunting (an old painting), *Calami.*

68. Malvolio, a Sketch, *Schrader.*

There is an infinity of genuine humor in this sketch. It is a capital embodiment of the scene in the second act of "Twelfth Night, or, What You Will," where Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and Fabian, overhear the conceited Steward boasting of the favor shown him by Olivia, and witness his ridiculous antics.

69. A Stag attacked by Wolves, *Lachemutz.*

Life-like, and full of spirit.

70. Portrait of a Young Lady, *Bewer.*

71. Children Expecting their Father, the Pilot, *Schrader.*

Anxiety and hope are well portrayed in the countenance of this group.

72. A Grand Northern Landscape, *Leu.*

A striking and effective picture.

73. Surprise by Cossacks, *Sonderland.*

This is a masterly picture both in conception and execution. Consternation and disorder could not be more graphically expressed than in the faces and attitudes of the surprised party. The confusion of a sudden *melee* is admirably depicted.

74. The Flower Girl, *Van Oss.*

75. Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, *Leutze.*

Among the compositions in figure, this painting is worthy of attention. Although not so remarkable in point of expression as many of Leutze's works, the coloring is good, and the effect of the broad mass of light pouring in upon the figures through the oriel window, and throwing the tints of the armorial designs upon the wainscoting beyond, is excellent.

76. The Lovers' Quarrel, *Hubner.*

77. The Confidential Friends, *Bewer.*

78. Landscape, *Lendlar.*

79. Wounded Prisoners escorted by Puritans in the time of Charles I., *Camphausen.*

This is a clever painting. The faces of both parties are thoroughly English, but they are as different in expression as the dissimilar habits and modes of life of the Roundheads and the Cavaliers might be supposed to render them.

80. The Obstructed Well, *Hubner.*

81. A Father's Farewell Blessing, *Schrader.*

82. A Northern Mountain Landscape, *Dahl.*

83. Dutch Sea-shore, Shipping in the Offing, *Andr. Achenbach.*

84. Sea-shore near Ostend, Ships running in with the Flood Tide, *Mevius.*

85. Sunset in the Forest, *Andr. Achenbach.*

A difficult subject well managed.

86. Scenery of Salzburg, in Tyrol, *Pose.*

87. Fishing-smacks running into the port of Scheveningen, *Andr. Achenbach.*

88. Norwegian Landscape, *Sall.*

89. Storm on the Coast of Sicily, *Andr. Achenbach.*

Referring to this landscape, the N. Y. Albion says: We have now quietly looked at it several times, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it a very remarkable work of art. It must be seen by the afternoon's light, or no opinion can fairly be formed of it; for, in addition to its very peculiar treatment, it has a glass plate over it, which interferes materially with a proper examination of its merits, and almost hides them at other times of day. Those who are familiar with J. M. W. Turner, the English painter, may imagine one of his boldest effects wherein at first sight the coloring appears exaggerated. The sun is breaking through a stormy sky, lighting up the crests of the waves, and gilding portions of a rocky foreground. There are no figures, there is no shipping. Sea, sky, and rock make up the picture. It appears to us that the storm is past, though the main body of the water seems driving rapidly from left to right, as though a strong current were setting in that direction. This is one of the singular and striking effects that this painter has conceived and embodied. Another is the character given to his transparent waves in the foreground. They are neither rolling, nor breaking, but are literally rising (jumping we might almost say), as one may see them in a vexed and thoroughly troubled ocean, when the fury of the wind has subsided. These irregular, abrupt, perpendicular jerks, must have been remarked at times by those who keep their eyes open in a storm, on the coast or at sea. Achenbach has boldly represented them; and though, probably, pronounced unnatural by the careless observer, they may be here and there recognized as true to nature. To conclude, for it is next to impossible to describe such a subject, we would only say that this picture has heightened our idea of the genius, originality, and skill of the Dusseldorf artists.

90. Dutch Chateau on a Swamp. *Helgers.*

91. Charles II. flying after the Battle of Worcester, *Camphausen.*

This painting was much admired at Dusseldorf, and, by almost all the artists, judged to be superior to any of Camphausen's previous works.

The prince, accompanied by two attendants, is pushing his horse to the top of his speed. They turn to look upon the lost field, and to see the rebel colors floating on the battlements behind them; but his gaze is bent upon the vacant space before him, into which he peers as if he would read there something of the future with which he is to cope. The setting sun casts a lurid light upon the scene, in fine keeping with its sentiment. The horses are admirably drawn—full of spirit, as all Camphausen's horses are.

92. Germania, an Allegorical Painting, by *Koehler.*

The struggle of the German people, in the year 1848, gave rise to this composition. Germania, the Goddess of Germany, sleeping on a bear's skin, is awakened by Justice accompanied by Liberty (the latter represented by a young girl), when with her right hand she grasps the sword, and with her left lays hold of the imperial crown, chasing away the demons of despotism and discord. Mr. Schadow, the Director of the Dusseldorf Academy, considers this painting to be one of the most masterly productions of this school, and does not believe that there exists an artist in Europe capable of reaching the grand and noble style of painting of the old Venetian masters so thoroughly as Koehler has done in this work. It was only just finished, when Mr. Boker purchased it; and during the fortnight that it was exhibited at the Academy of Dusseldorf, it elicited general admiration.

93. Landscape with Sheep, *Scheuren.*

94. The Examination of the Student (large size referred to in remarks on Nos. 18, 19, and 20), *Hasenclever.*

95. Morning, and Reindeer Hunters, *Gude.*

A fresh and beautiful picture.

96. A Castle Invaded by Puritans in the time of Charles I., *Camphausen.*

Another fine picture, of smaller size than that of Charles II. flying from the battle of Worcester, admirable as a composition, and full of life-like and startling contrasts, presenting a scene in the civil war of Charles I., of England, at the moment of the capture of a cavalier's stronghold by the Roundheads. There is history and character in every personage, in every accessory, even in the dais introduced into this picture. It is a study for a day.—*Cour. and Enq.*

97. The First-Frost, *De Leuw.*

98. Autumnal Landscape, *Scheuren.*

99. Madonna and Child, by *Carl Muller.*

This beautiful picture is of the size of life. Muller and Deger are the Dusseldorf artists who have the greatest reputation for sacred subjects. At the Exhibition at Dusseldorf it obtained the most unqualified approbation. It will be engraved on copper, at the express request of the Dusseldorf Academy.

Mary, descending on clouds, shows to the world the Holy Infant, who in his left hand holds the globe redeemed by the cross, and with his right hand blesses it. The face of the Holy Infant is not only very beautiful and sweet, but divinity is unmistakably expressed upon his forehead.

In painting Mary, the artist has had reference to the Revelation of St. John, chap. xii., v. 1 :

"And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars."

100. Morning Landscape in the Tyrolese Mountain, *Schulten.*

101. The Wine Testers, *Hasenclever.*

Among the humorous pictures in the exhibition, "The Wine Testers" is one of the most prominent. The varied expressions depicted in the countenances of the group, as they taste and criticise the old wine which the cellarman has reserved to the last as a *bonne bouche*, are worthy of Hogarth. By many this picture is considered the best of its class in the collection.

102. Autumnal Storm, *Schirmer.*

103. The Poacher's Death; a Story of the Game Laws of Germany. *Hubner.*

The scenery here portrayed needs no explanation. A poacher has been shot at, and mortally wounded, by gamekeepers, and is hurrying, with the aid of his accomplice, as fast as his hurts will permit, to the shelter of his hut. The death-agony is stamped on his countenance. Suffering the most intense is impressed on every feature. No picture in the gallery appeals more powerfully to the feelings. It is wonderfully expressive.

104. Summer Scenery in the Meers, with Fish-pond, *Schirmer.*

105. The Duke of Alba and the Countess Catharine of Rudolstadt, *Volkhart.*

At the conclusion of the war between Charles V. and the Protestants of Germany, the Duke of Alba retreated through the small territory of the Countess of Rudolstadt, to whom the duke announced himself for a dejeuner. When the guests were seated, the countess was informed that the Spanish soldiers were plundering her subjects and driving their cattle away. She immediately armed all her servants, and said to the duke, "My poor people must have their own again, or, by heaven! I will have princely blood for oxen's blood." The Duke of Alba ordered immediate restorations. This is the scene which Volkhart has painted.

106. Landscape, *Schulten.*

This picture represents the Konigs See (King's Lake), near Berchtesgaden, in Tyrol, near which, on a peninsula, the Chateau of St. Bartholomew, the summer residence of the king of Bavaria, is situated.

107. Reconciliation of Cardinal Wolsey with Queen Catharine, shortly before his death, by *Carl Olasen.*

The great prelate had been banished by Henry VIII. to Winchester; but his enemies, not satisfied with his humiliation, caused him to be impeached for high treason; and by command of the king he was conducted to London, accompanied only by Cavendish, his master of the horse. The cardinal succumbed under his misfortunes; and, in the neighborhood of the Abbey of Leicester, his strength completely abandoned him. He entered the Abbey, saying to the Abbot, "I come to be burried here."

Queen Catharine, travelling to her place of banishment, had accidentally entered the Abbey at about the same time with the cardinal; who in the picture is shown on his deathbed, the curtains of which are partly drawn up. Wolsey, supported by Cavindish, stretches his arms towards the Queen, who gives him her hand. Around the bed stand and kneel monks variously affected. Behind the queen stands the abbot, looking up in thankfulness, that two hearts full of enmity were reconciled in the last moments of life. The cardinal's last words were, that he repented having served his king better than his God.

108. Landscape; Morning, by *Lessing.*

109. Landscape, *Lessing.*

Nos. 108 and 109 are perhaps the most delightful landscapes in the exhibition. Lessing's genius is no less conspicuous in his *vraisemblant* delineations of natural scenery than in his historical pictures.

ADDENDA.

Pictures not enumerated in the Catalogue will be designated by cards placed thereon.

Immediately under the painting of "King Lear," No. 10, by Hildebrandt, is an exquisite little picture by the same artist, representing a girl reading a letter. The expression of the face is wonderfully life-like.

The pictures designated by the letters A. B. C. and D. are undoubted originals, and worthy of close study. A brief description is appended.

A.—A Titian—indisputably genuine. This picture formerly adorned the chapel of the Convent of St. John, near the Rhetian Alps in Italy. It was painted by Tiziano Vecelli Titian, in or about the year 1500, and is probably the portrait of some lady Abbess who having distinguished herself by the austerity of

her devotion, was honored by having her portrait placed on one of the panels in the chapel, where it remained for upwards of 300 years, until the armies of Napoleon, overrunning the country, swept it of every gem of art that could be found. This picture was then torn from its place and carried into France by Marshall Soult, in whose possession it remained till 1839, when it was bought by Sir John Murray (Coppinger), for 20,000 francs. As a specimen of art it is a study. Its estimated value in England was $5,000.

B.—A. Karel die Jardyn—landscape—"The Gypsies Halt" The artist died in 1668. This picture has been in the possession of the family of the present owner during several generations.

C.—A landscape by Artois—French—A fine and highly finished picture. The artist died in 1665.

D.—Temptations of St. Anthony, by Peter Peterest (Brueghel), surnamed Hellish, on account of the diabolical character of his subjects. The artist died in 1642, and Dr. Rees says in his cyclopedia, that this picture is that in which the artist made his reputation.

In addition to the above, "The Madonna and Child," marked E., also "Innocence," and "An Old Man's Head," all painted by Mrs. J. H. Whitlock, of Troy, are worthy of attention and possess many excellent points.

The two pictures entitled the favorites of the Sultan and representing the Blonde and Brunette styles of beauty, are life-like and full of spirit. The arrangement of the drapery and coloring is very fine.

The Gallery will open at 9 o'clock, A. M., and remain open till 10, P. M. New paintings, possessing equal merit to those now on exhibition, will, from time to time, be added to the collection.

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